BRITISH

CLASSICAL ESSAYS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

VOL. XXXIX.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. SCATCHERD, S. BAGSTER, J. WALKER, LEIGH, SOTHEBY AND SON, R. H. WESTLEY, T. OSTELL, E. LLOYD, BLACKS AND PARRY, SAEL AND WALKER, R. RYAN, W. CLARK, JORDAN HOOKHAM, E. BOOKER, F. LAKING, B. TABART, T. REYNOLDS, R. FLOYER, J. SCOTT, R. BICKERSTAFF, J. GINGER, J. ASPERNE, W. LINDSELL, J. KIRBY, AND S. TIPPER.

1803.

LOUNGER.

N° 36——69.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XXXIX.

No. Page

36. Narrative of a Country Family raised to sudden Affluence by the Arrival of a Son from India, and of the Taxes to which the Enjoyment of its Wealth is subject; in a Letter from Marjory Mushroom 1
37. Effects of the Introduction of ancient Mythology into the Poetry of modern Times 9
38. Dream of a Court instituted for the Dissolution of Marriages, on the Ground of a Deception in some of the Parties 11
39. High and brilliant Talents not the most conducive to Eminence or Success in the Departments of Business and Ambition 18
40. Qualifications required in a Country Clergyman by his Patron or his Patron's Family—Amiable Picture of the Clergyman of Colonel Caustic's Parish 24
41. Argument for the Existence of Sorcery in the present Times—Enumeration of various Kinds of modern Witchcraft 30
42. On the Poems of Hamilton of Bangour 36
43. The Evils of a good Neighbourhood 43
44. Narrative of the Happiness of a virtuous and benevolent East Indian; in a Letter from John Truman 50

No.		Page
45.	Second Letter from Jeremiah Dysoon, containing a Narrative of his Expedition to England for the Benefit of his Health	58
46.	The Power of Fashion in regulating the Deportment of Men towards the other Sex; in a Letter from Almeria	66
47.	Law of Amasis, for every Egyptian to give an Account of his Manner of acquiring his Livelihood—Dream of such an Institution in Britain	73
48.	The Sentiment and the Moral of Time—Reflections occasioned by the beginning of another Year	81
49.	Observations on Comedy	86
50.	The same Subject continued—Moral Effects of Comedy	93
51.	Senex, on our Neglect of the Improvement and of the Progress of Time—Proposal by Memory Modish, for a new Sort of Memorandum-book of Things to be forgotten	100
52.	On the Discrimination of Female Character—Different Plan of Education in two Mothers of different Talents and Dispositions	108
53.	The Petition of Night, complaining of the Encroachments of fashionable People, and proposing a new Table of Time for their Use—Distresses of a young Lady not quite so young as she once was; in a Letter from Jessamina	114
54.	Effects of great Cities on Manners—Journal of Arrivals in Edinburgh	122
55.	Letter from Hannah Waitfort, giving an Account of her Sufferings from a Woman of keen Feelings	130
56.	Marjory Mushroom's Account of her life in Town—Hardships to be endured by a Disciple of the Ton	137
57.	Family Happiness of Aurelius, an amiable old Man	143
58.	Mary Plain's Account of a Hunter after Truth	148

No. Page

59. The Pains and Penalties of Idleness, particularly in the Life of a Man of Fashion 154
60. Scheme of a literary Projector, for a new Sort of Periodical Publication 160
61. Of the Duty to Servants—Story of Albert Bane . . . 166
62. Third Letter from Marjory Mushroom, giving an Account of her Feelings on her Return to the Country 173
63. Sufferings of a Husband under an œconomical Wife; in a Letter from Robert Easy 180
64. History of a Marriage, made from an enthusiastic Attachment; in a Letter from Constantia 187
65. Character of Mr. Wilful, a professed Votary of Freedom 193
66. Temper and constitutional good Spirits oftener the the Cause of Happiness than Genius and Abilities, illustrated in the Situations of Tom Sanguine and Ned Prospect 199
67. Superiority of modern Education over the ancient—Its Principle the Acquisition of Knowledge by Speaking 206
68. Critical Remarks on the Character of Falstaff . . . 212
69. The same Subject continued 218

THE

LOUNGER.

N° 36. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1785.

Divitias operosiores. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

'TIS but very lately that I became acquainted with your paper, our family only having taken it in last week for the first time, when it was recommended to my brother by Lady Betty Lampoon, who happened to be on a visit in our country. Her Ladyship said, it was a dear sweet satirical paper, and that one found all one's acquaintance in it. And sure enough I found some of my acquaintance in it (for I am the only reader among us), and so I shall tell Mr. John Homespun when I meet him. Only think of a man come to his years to go to put himself and his neighbours into print in the manner he has done. But I dare to say it is all out of spite and envy at our having grown so suddenly rich, by my brother's good fortune in India: and to be sure, Sir, things are changed with us from what I remember; and yet perhaps we are not so much to be envied neither, if all were known.—Do tell me, Sir, how we shall

manage to be as happy as people suppose our good fortune must have made us.

But perhaps, Sir, it is not the *fashion* (as my sister-in-law and Mons. de Sabot says) to be happy.—Lord, Sir, I had forgot you don't know Mons. de Sabot! But really my head is not so clear as it used to be. I will try to tell you things in their order.—My brother, who, as Mr. Homespun has informed you, is returned home with a great fortune, is determined to live as becomes it, and sent down a ship-load of blacks in laced liveries, the servants in this country not being handy about fine things; though to tell you the truth, some of the Blackamoors don't give themselves much trouble about their work, and two of them never do a turn except playing on the French horn, and sometimes making pnnch, when it is wanted particularly nice.

Besides these, there came down in two chaises my brother's own valet de sham, my sister's own maid, a man cook, who has two of the negers under him, and Mons. de Sabot, whom my brother wrote to me he had hired for a butler; but, when he came, he told us he was *maitre dotell*, and had been so to the Earl of C——, the Duke of N——, and two German princes. So, to be sure, we were almost afraid to speak to him, till we found he was as affable and obliging as could be, and told us every thing we ought to do to be fashionable, and like the great folks of London and Paris. Mons. de Sabot is acquainted with every one of them.

But then, Sir, it is ſo troublesome an affair to be fashionable! and so my father and mother, and the rest of us, who have never been abroad find. We used to be as cheerful a family as any in the country; and at our dinners and suppers, if we had not fine things, we had pure good appetites, and, after the table was uncovered, used to be as merry as grigs at

cross purposes, questions and commands, or What's my thought like? But now we must not talk loud, nor laugh, nor walk fast, nor play at romping games; and we must sit quiet during a long dinner of two courses and a dessert, and drink wine and water, and never touch our meat but with our fork, and pick our teeth after dinner, and dabble in cold water, and Lord knows how many other things: which Mons. de Sabot says every body *comi fo* does. And such a thing he tells me (for I am a sort of favourite and scholar of his) is *comi fo* in the first course, and such a thing in the second; and this in the entries, and that in the removes. *Comi fo*, it seems, means vastly fine in his language, though we country folks, if we durst own it, find the *comi fo* things often very ill tasted, and now and then a little stinking. But we shall learn to like them monstrously by and by, as Mons. de Sabot assures us.

My father is hardest of us all to be taught to do what he ought; and he cursed *comi fo* once or twice to Mons. de Sabot's face. But my brother and my sister-in-law are doing all that they can to wean him from his old customs, that he mayn't affront himself before company. He fought hard for his pipe and his spit-box; but my sister-in-law would not suffer the new window curtains and chair covers to be put up till he had given over both. And, what do you think, Sir, the old gentleman was caught yesterday by my brother and a young Baronet of his acquaintance, who went into the stable to look at one of my brother's stud, as they call it, smoaking his pipe in one of the empty stalls. And I heard Sir Harry Driver give an account of it to my sister-in-law when they came in to supper, and how, as he said, 'he had *tallyho'd* old Squaretoes, as he slunk from his kennel.'

My brother, you must know, has a mind to be a parliament man, and so he invites all the country, high

and low, to eat and drink with him; and sometimes I have been sadly out of countenance, and so have we all, when some of his old acquaintance have told long stories of things which happened to them formerly, though ten to one my brother does not remember a syllable of them. As t'other day, when our school-master's son Samuel put him in mind of their going together to Edinburgh for the first time, and how they had but one pair of silk stockings between them, and my brother had them on in the morning to see a gentleman who was first cousin to an East India Director, and Sam got them in the evening to visit the principal of the college; and all this before Sir Harry Driver, Lord Squanderfield, and Lady Betty Lampoon.

Then my brother is turned an improver, which every body says is an excellent way of laying out his money, and is so public-spirited!—and the planner who has come to give directions about it tells us, that in a few years hence he will get five pounds for every five shillings he lays out now in that way. In the mean time, however, it gives him a sad deal of trouble; when every thing is resolved upon to-day, 'tis a chance but it is all turned topsy-turvy to-morrow; for his voters, as they call the gentlemen on my brother's side of the question, who come to visit us, have every one their own opinion, and are always giving him advice how to do things for the best. One told him lately he should level such a piece of ground which is in sight of the bow-window in the drawing-room; another, a few mornings after, blamed this first adviser for want of taste, and said he would give 500 guineas for such a knoll in the very spot where they had levelled it; and so they are building rocks there, and planting them as fast as they can. He pulled down a piece of an old church that stood in the way of what they call the approach to the house; and

presently a gentleman from England told him a ruin was the very thing wanted in that place,—and so the old church must be built up a-new. Lord Squanderfield advised him to make a piece of water in the garden; and they had almost finished it, when Lady Betty convinced him that in summer it would be a puddle, as she termed it, that would stink him out of his house, and fly-blow every bit of meat at his table.

Lady Betty has been very useful to my sister-in-law too about the choice of the furniture, though that likewise has been a troublesome job, owing to bad advice in the beginning. We had got sofas and stuffed chairs in the drawing-room, which my Lady has made her change for cabrioles; and the damask beds she has persuaded her are not in the least fit for a country house; and so they are all taken down, and chintzes put up in their place.

In the same ship with the blacks, my brother brought down a great collection of pictures which were purchased for him at a sale in London, and are worth, I am told, Lord knows how much, though he got them, as he assures us for an old song; and yet several of them I have heard cost some hundreds of pounds. But this, between ourselves, is the most plaguy of all his fineries. Would you believe it, Sir, he is obliged to be two or three hours every morning in the gallery, with a little book in his hand, like a poor school-boy, getting by heart the names and the stories of all the men and women that are painted there, that he may have his lesson pat for the company that are to walk and admire the paintings till dinner is served up. And yet after all, he is sometimes mistaken about them, as last Thursday he told a gentleman that was looking at the pictures, that the half-naked woman above the chimney piece was done for one Caroline Marrot (I suppose from the

picture of some Miss no better than she should be); whereas the gentleman, Mr. Gusto, declared it was as like Widow Renny as one egg is like another.

I could tell you a great deal more of embarrassments and vexations in the enjoyment of our good fortune; but I am sure I must have wearied you by my scribble-scrabble account of what I have told. It will be sufficient to show you that Mr. Homespun has not so much cause for envy as from his letter I presume he feels against us, and will, I hope, also procure a little of your good counsel how to make a *comi fo* life somewhat more comfortable to the greatest part of our family, and in particular to your humble servant,

MARJORY MUSHROOM.

Z

N°37. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1785.

The mythology of the ancients has given rise to many an elegant allusion, and adorned many a beautiful description.

In a book published lately at Paris, containing an account of the principal gems in the cabinet of the Duke of Orleans, is the following excellent illustration of the pleasing effects of the popular religion of antiquity.

'The delightful fictions built on their religious system,' says the author of this work, 'have peopled and animated all nature, and made a solemn temple of the vast universe. Those flowers, whose varied and shining beauty we so much admire, are the tears of Aurora. It is the breath of Zephyrus which gently

agitates the leaves. The soft murmurs of the waters are the sighs of the Naiads. A god impels the winds. A god pours out the rivers. Grapes are the gift of Bacchus. Ceres presides over the harvest. Orchards are the care of Pomona. Does a shepherd sound his reed on the summit of a mountain, it is Pan who with his pastoral pipe returns the amorous lay. When the sportsman's horn rouses the attentive ear, it is Diana armed with her bow and quiver, more nimble than the stag she pursues, who takes the diverſion of the chace. The Sun is a god, who, riding on a car of fire, diffuses his light through the world. The Stars are so many divinities, who measure with their golden beams the regular process of time. The Moon presides over the ſilence of the night, and consoles the world for the absence of her brother. Neptune reigns in the seas, surrounded by the Nereids, who dance to the joyous shells of the Tritons. In the highest heavens is seated Jupiter, the father and master of men and gods: under his feet roll the thunders formed by the Cyclops in the cavern of Lemnos: his smile rejoices nature, and his nod shakes the foundation of Olympus. Surrounding the throne of their sovereign, the other divinities quaff the nectar from a cup presented to them by the young and beautiful Hebe. In the middle of the bright circle shines with distinguished lustre the unrivalled beauty of Venus, alone adorned with a splendid girdle, on which the graces and sports for ever play; and in her hand is a smiling boy, whose power is universally acknowledged by heaven and earth.'

It is impoſſible to read this elegant passage without feeling something of that delusion it describes; and the reader who is conversant in the claſſics will at once call to his recollection many of those animated descriptions and pleasing allusions with which those admirable works so much abound.

For my own part, however, while I must always remember, with a pleasing sort of gratitude, the delight which I have received from the poets of Greece and of Rome: and while I recollect, with a species of enthusiasm, that rapture I first received from the animated accounts of nature with which their works are adorned; I cannot help sometimes thinking that the taste which they have produced in modern times, that fondness of imitation they have given birth to, has in some respects hurt the works of the moderns, and, instead of improving, helped to spoil many an exertion of genius. The mythological allusions of the ancients were grafted on the popular opinions of the country; as such to a reader of the times they were natural; the mind easily acknowledged their justice, and something like an implicit belief attended their perusal. Even when they are perused by a modern, in the writings of the ancients, he acquires some portion of this belief. The same ductility of imagination which creates our sympathy and interest in the passions and feelings of an Achilles and an Æneas, though they lived in a distant region, and a period long since past, makes us enter into their religious creed, and the effects thereby produced. Our reason is for a time suspended; and we can for a moment suppose Minerva to descend from heaven to assist a Grecian hero, or Eolus to inflate the winds at the suit of Juno, to overwhelm in the billows the unfortunate son of a rival goddess.

But those animated and personified descriptions, however natural in an ancient author, and however they may interest even a modern reader by the same sympathy which engages us in the fate of a hero who died a thousand years ago, have now ceased to be natural. When used by a modern writer, they do not proceed from an animated mind, impressed and governed by the belief of his countrymen, but are

the effect of a mere copy, the feeble offspring of a cold and servile imitation.

Whether it has proceeded from this cause I know not; but, while I feel the most pleasing delusion from the mythological fictions of the ancient authors, I have always felt something very much the reverse from the same fictions when appearing in the works of the moderns. The scenes which nature lays before us, and the actions of those men who are placed in interesting situations, when well described, and naturally represented, must ever be delightful; but, when in a modern author I see nature left as it were behind, and borrowed description and allusion made use of, I have ever found my mind, instead of being gratified, cheated of that pleasure which it wished to enjoy. The delusion in which I was fond to indulge has been removed, and fanciful conceit has usurped the place of nature.

Another bad consequence of this servile imitation of the ancients, of this borrowing what was natural in them, but which is no longer so in us, has been to prevent modern authors from studying nature as it is, from attempting to draw it as it really appears; and, instead of giving genuine descriptions, it leads them to give those only which are false and artificial.

Every reader acquainted with our modern authors will easily recall a variety of passages to illustrate these remarks.

To take an instance from the works of an author who does the highest honour to this country, what can be more absurd than the following lines as a description of Windsor Forest?

> See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
> Here blushing Flora paints th' enamelled ground,
> Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
> And nodding tempt the jovial reaper's hand.

This is surely not a description of Windsor Forest.

In like manner, the description in the same poem, of Thames shedding tears for Cowley's death, must surpass all modern credulity; and of an equally unnatural kind is the transformation of Lodona, the daughter of father Thames.

In the Pastorals of the same author, what strange effects are produced by the mourning of a shepherd boy along the side of the Thames!

> There while he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
> The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
> The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
> And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

The same shepherd thus describes the effects of his numbers:

> And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
> Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds my song.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples; the descriptive poems of the moderns are full of them.

One author deserves to be excepted, an author who has been justly deemed an original, and whose character of originality is in a great measure owing to his having painted nature as it is, and laid aside the mythological allusions of antiquity.—Thomson, in his *Seasons*, may be styled the great Poet of Nature. In that poem he has described the whole varied year, and the different scenes which its variations produce.

'This author,' says a distinguished critic, 'is entitled to one praise of the highest kind; his mode of thinking and of expressing his thoughts, is original. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on nature and on life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and

with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the Seasons wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thompson expresses.'

Great part of this high praise appears to me to have arisen from what has been observed, of Thomson's having studied nature, and painted it as it is. Hardly, and with very few exceptions, will he be found endeavouring to adorn or heighten his descriptions with the religious fictions of antiquity.

As this author has drawn his pictures of nature from nature itself, so the nearer we bring his pictures to the originals from which he draws, the more will we admire them; the nearer our examination is, the more will our mind be filled and kindled with those sentiments which his descriptions produce. They resemble those striking likenesses, those highly finished portraits, which we examine by the side of the persons who sit for them. I am never more delighted with Thomson's Winter, the best of his Seasons, than when I read it in the month of December, and listen to the 'savage howl of the blast,' and see the 'sky saddened with the gather'd storm.'

A

N° 38. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1785.

I HAPPENED a few evenings ago, to have an appointment with a friend of mine, a gentleman of the law, which some particular business prevented him from keeping with his usual punctuality. While I waited for him in his study, I took down from one of his

shelves a book at random, to amuse myself with till he should come in. In my character of Lounger, I have learned never to put back a book because its subject promises to be a dull one. Though this was a law folio, therefore, I sat down contentedly to peruse it; having often experienced, that, in books where I looked for the least entertainment, I have unexpectedly met with the most. So it happened in this law treatise; where, on the chapter of Marriage, which chanced to turn up to me, I found the nice distinctions and subtleties of legal investigation so illuminated with a variety of interesting cases, that I shall certainly recommend the book, and particularly the above-mentioned chapter of it, to all my young friends who are engaged in the study of that dry and intricate science. I am persuaded their imaginations will not be less exercised than their judgments, in following the learned author through the numerous pointed illustrations which he gives of the doctrines there laid down. Of those doctrines the abstract seems to be, that though certain smaller deceptions are not sufficient for setting aside a matrimonial engagement; yet a very high degree of deceit made use of by one of the parties to influence and inveigle the other, will render the marriage void and null *ab initio*, as if no such contract had ever been made.

I was deeply engaged in those speculations, when my friend cut them short by entering the room; and, as his time is precious, we had no leisure to follow them together; though I had much inclination to have asked his assistance in clearing up some legal doubts which the author's reasoning had created in my mind. When I got home at night, the subject recurred to my memory; but, beside a warm fire in a cold evening, even the thoughts of marriage will not keep a man awake. I insensibly fell asleep

in my chair, when a dream took up (as is generally the case) the thread of my waking thoughts, and pursued it in the following whimsical manner.

Methought I was carried into a great hall, which, in its gloom, its antique ornaments, and its dustiness, resembled some of our courts of justice; at the further end of which was seated, in the dress and with the *insignia* of a judge, the learned and worthy author of the treatise above mentioned. By one of the attendants of the court I was informed, that his office was a sort of chancellorship of matrimony, with the power of confirming or annulling all marriages, as in equity and good conscience should seem to him proper; that this was one of the days appointed for hearings; and that the parties, complainants and respondents, were waiting without, ready to be called in to state their complaints and defences. I, who am a bachelor (which I believe I formerly hinted to my readers), felicitated myself on this happy opportunity of instruction and entertainment, and sat down on one of the benches, to hear with attention the different causes that should be argued.

The first person who came to the bar was a man of rather an ungracious appearance, and a countenance not at all expressive of good humour. He exhibited his complaint, and prayed for a dissolution of his marriage on the head of deception in his wife's temper; who, as he informed the judge, had made herself appear before marriage one of the sweetest and most engaging young women in the world; that during her virgin state she had never been seen, at least by the complainant, with a single frown on her brow, and was the very life and soul of every company she was in; but that she had not been married a week, when he discovered that she was (saving the court's presence) a very devil incarnate; that scarce

a day passed in which she did not abuse himself, ill-treat his friends, and whip all the children round; and that he was obliged to change his servants every half-year, except one old cross devil of a cook-maid, whom she kept to vex and plague him. The lady being called upon for her defence, denied any deception by which the marriage had been brought about, or could now be annulled; for that all her acquaintance could testify how good-natured she was when she was not contradicted; and that before marriage her husband had never contradicted her. She likewise pleaded recrimination in bar of his complaint; and offered to prove, that he himself was one of the most cross-tempered men in the world. The judge dismissed the complaint; but recommended to the parties, since they seemed equally dissatisfied, to separate by mutual consent. The husband seemed inclined to adopt this proposition; but the lady rejected it; and, flinging out of court with a toss up of one side of her hoop, said, she had more spirit than to indulge him in that. The husband growled something, which I could not hear, and followed her.

The second complainant was dressed in a very shabby coat, and had a very indecent length of beard on his face. He prayed a dissolution of his marriage, from a gross deception in point of his wife's person and appearance. He was, he said, chiefly induced to the match, from the beauty of her face and the elegance of her figure, which first had made her his toast, then his mistress, and lastly his wife: That for some little time after his marriage, this deception was perfectly kept up: That in a few months, however, he began to be sensible of it; and, after her becoming pregnant of her first child, it was apparent to every body: That, subsequent to that period, his wife totally neglected all attention

to her shape and complexion; and had ever since been so perfect a slattern as to have forfeited all pretensions to those qualities, on the faith of which he had married her. The lady made no appearance, which some one in court suggested was owing to its being so early an hour, as she seldom rose till twelve, and never was dressed till three. Indeed, upon some question of the judge, it came out, that the husband had never seen her before marriage at an earlier hour, and seldom even then, but at great dinners, private balls, and public assemblies. His lordship delayed the further consideration of the cause till another day, recommending to the gentleman, when he appeared there again, to shew the respect due to the court, by having his beard shaved, and putting on a clean shirt.

The third prosecutor was an elderly gentleman with a wrinkled face, and a body seemingly very infirm, who came forward to the bar by the help of a staff, or rather crutch. He represented to the court that he had married a few years before, after having lived a bachelor till he was turned of sixty, a young innocent girl, as he imagined, who had been bred up, at her father's house in the country, in perfect ignorance of the town, its expences and amusements, who knew only how to knit, work fringes, and border an apron, to assist at making of a pudding, and constructing a gooseberry-pie; whose greatest expence was a silk gown once in two years, with a callico of her own making for morning wear; and whose highest pleasure consisted in dancing at a country wedding, or a Christmas gambol. But that, not long after she was married, she contrived to have him bring her to town, where she spent as much money in one month as it had cost her father to keep her all her life before; and actually wore, at this moment, a cap and feathers, the price of which

would have clothed her for a whole year in the country: That she was scarcely ever at home, except when she had asked a dozen fine people to dinner or supper, and was seldom in bed till three in the morning: That she would not suffer any of his former companions to approach her, but kept company only with dissipated young people of the other sex, or extravagant and giddy women of her own. And therefore, from all those circumstances, shewing the highest degree of deception under which he had been inveigled to marry, he prayed a dissolution of the matrimonial engagement, dropping some hints, at the same time, that the young lady might do very well for a younger and a gayer husband, and that he would come down handsomely, to make her worth another man's taking. To this complaint it was answered, on the part of the lady, that there was no sort of deception in the case; that she had all along declared she did not care a farthing for her intended husband, but on the contrary hated and abhorred him: That he had bribed her parents, who had partly frightened and partly cajoled her into the match, by the offer of large settlements, and the flattering prospect of being the wife of a very rich man; so that, in the very nature of the contract, she gave up her person to her said husband in exchange for the enjoyment of such pleasures as his fortune could enable her to command for the present, and the hopes of what a large jointure might procure for the future: That, therefore, all the finery, amusements, and expence, which he complained of, were only parts of the first clause of the agreement; and that whatever vexation or uneasiness her conduct might create to him, were but justifiable means of fulfilling the accomplishment of the second. The Chancellor delivered his opinion in favour of the respondent; but proposed, in compassion to the hus-

band (which, however, the worthy judge declared his conduct had little merited,) that they should compromise matters, by the lady's renouncing her right to the man, on being immediately vested in her jointure. The lady was deliberating on this proposal, when her Lord declared himself in the negative; and clearing his voice with a hem, hobbled out of court in a step somewhat firmer than that in which he entered, saying, Nobody could tell which of them might have the benefit of survivorship.

The next case was pretty similar to the foregoing, except that the plaintiff was the wife, and the defendant her husband; an old lady of three-score *versus* a young stout fellow of five-and-twenty. She alleged, that when a virgin she had been made to believe he loved her to desperation; but had discovered, the very day of the wedding, that he was only enamoured of twenty thousand pounds she happened to possess in the Long Annuities. The husband denied the charge of deceiving her; for that she knew, from the beginning of their acquaintance, that he wished to marry the Long Annuities, which he said, smiling, he would endeavour to make shorter. The lady on this lost temper. 'Do you dare to say so, Sir?' she exclaimed; 'you, whom I saved from a jail; you, who, before I took compassion on you, had not a coat to your back, nor a dinner to your belly? Do you dare to look in my face, and say you did not deceive me?'—'Madam,' replied the spark, with an easy impudent air, 'do you venture to show that face, and to say so?' On this she broke out into such a violent passion, and was so vehement in her outcries, that the noise awaked me.—''Twas but a dream,' said I, starting from my chair;—'and yet—'tis as well I am a bachelor.'

I

N°39. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1785.

A Judge is just, a Chancellor juster still,
A Gownman learn'd, a Bishop what you will,
Wise, if a Minister, &c. POPE.

It is an old, and has been a frequent observation, that men of genius seldom succeed in the common business of life. I have no where, however, found it so happily illustrated, as by a question of Swift's, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke:—'Did you never (says he) observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife fail to go the right way? whereas, if he had used a razor or a pen-knife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet.'

The very idea of genius and of fine parts, implies that they should be rare and uncommon. The ordinary course of society, therefore, has not been left to depend upon them; but it has been wisely ordered, that the business of life, almost in all its departments, should admit of being carried on by such men, and with such talents, as are every day to be met with.

The unexperienced and the vulgar are apt to judge of talents from the success with which they are attended; to estimate the difficulty of situations from their supposed importance, or from the attention which they draw, and the rank which they confer in society.

With them, the lawyer or the physician who has obtained high reputation, or arrived at high practice, is concluded to possess more than ordinary talents for his profession; and if a person has commanded an

army or a fleet with success; if he has figured in either house of Parliament; if he has made himself of importance to government, and filled a high department in the state; the public set no bounds to their admiration, and every one concludes the genius and talents of such a man to be of the highest magnitude.

When we resist, however, the glare of success, and the impression of public opinion, and call experience to our aid in the examination of particular instances, we shall find not only that all these situations have been attained, but that they have been filled, with credit to the possessors, and satisfaction to the public, by men whose talents and whose virtues were noways extraordinary. Nay, perhaps, on a closer investigation, we shall be convinced, that such persons owed to the mediocrity of their talents, and the defects or weaknesses of their character, that elevation which to many has appeared the attainment of genius and the reward of virtue.

Lelius possessed uncommon talents. He derived from nature a correct judgment, a sound and penetrating understanding; and his natural endowments were cultivated by a liberal education, an early acquaintance with the best writers, and a familiar intercourse with men of genius and of letters. There were few branches of public or of national business, respecting which he was not possessed of ample information. His views with regard to them were always liberal, generally profound, and seldom failed of being just and well founded.

As a speaker, Lelius seldom addressed himself to the passions or the fancy of his audience. He had, however, an easy and unembarrassed elocution, a sufficient command of language to communicate his views with clearness and perspicuity. His style, though simple and unadorned, was pure and correct;

and his manner, though plain, was forcible and manly. He had obtained a seat in the House of Commons, at a time of life when his reputation for knowledge was generally established, when his talents were in their fullest vigour; and if at any time he offered his sentiments, he never failed of being listened to with attention, or of finding them received with that respect to which they were so well entitled.

The talents of Lelius, however, were of a kind which very seldom disposed him to make that effort. Accustomed to investigate with accuracy, to view his subject in every possible light, and to see the force of every difficulty which presented itself, he was not easily satisfied with the extent of his information, nor convinced of the justice of his opinions; and men of more limited views and shallower understandings, but of bolder or of rasher spirits, were generally allowed to carry away the reputation of that knowledge, and of those talents, the extent of which would not allow Lelius to display them.

Cornelius had obtained an education equally liberal, and had the same opportunities to improve himself by books and conversation; nor were his knowledge and information less extensive than those of Lelius. He was not perhaps altogether his equal in acuteness of understanding or strength of judgment; but, if he fell short in these, he no less surpassed him in a brilliancy of fancy and vigour of imagination, improved by an early acquaintance with whatever is beautiful or sublime in the classical productions of ancient or of modern times.

Full of sentiment and of feeling, enlivened by fancy, enriched by imagery, and often flowing in a style of the most classic beauty, the eloquence of Cornelius could not fail to command attention, and to be listened to with pleasure.

But, while his knowledge and his eloquence gained to Cornelius the reputation of an accomplished scholar and a fine speaker, his ideas were often too refined, and his views too loose for business. His eloquence lost its power of persuasion, from an idea that it was calculated to dazzle rather than to inform; and though he often spoke with applause, and sometimes with success, it never procured him the reputation of a man of business, nor raised him to any considerable share of public trust or public power. If it had, we should in all probability have seen how widely that fancy and imagination, by which Cornelius was so well qualified to display supposed advantages or blemishes in the measures and the conduct of others, differ from that cool judgment and those plain talents which are fit to direct men in the choice of their own.

Claudius had neither the profound knowledge of Lelius, nor the genius and imagination of Cornelius, and he had received an education much less liberal than that of either.

Claudius, however, with little knowledge, no fineness of genius, and a taste altogether uncultivated, had derived from nature a quickness of parts and readiness of apprehension, which, for the common purposes of life, are of inestimable advantage. The reach of his understanding, and the range of his ideas, were limited; but it was an understanding of that kind which within these limits discerned its object with clearness, and formed its opinions on all occasions with celerity and decision.

Claudius's eloquence could neither compare in purity or correctness with that of Lelius, nor in eloquence and beauty with that of Cornelius. The same cast of mind, however, which gave to Claudius a quickness in forming his opinions, gave him a readiness in calling up and bringing together those views

and arguments which seemed fitted to support them, as well as a facility of clothing his ideas in language, which, though generally incorrect, and seldom elegant, was always clear, and derived from the sanguine and ardent mind of the speaker a certain degree of warmth and force, the effects of which, in a popular assembly, are often found superior to the justest reasoning and the most finished eloquence.

If the speeches of Claudius were less beautiful than those of Cornelius, they seldomer wandered from the subject; and they were not only better adapted to their object, but had more the appearance of plainness and sincerity. Though they afforded less pleasure, they had a stronger tendency to convince; and had often credit for more solidity, not from their greater weight of argument, but from a want of those ornaments by which the arguments of Cornelius were accompanied. If he thought with less precision, and had less knowledge of his subject than Lelius, he never hesitated, like him, amidst the labour of illustration, or with an anxiousness for perspicuity, but pressed forward on his hearers with a boldness which they often mistook for proof, and a confidence that passed for demonstration.

The same turn of mind which ensured the success of Claudius as a speaker, not only obtained him a higher reputation, but in reality conferred upon him a greater capacity for the conduct of public business, for the ordinary detail of which his plain good sense was more adapted, than the lively fancy and fine genius of Cornelius; for such business his bold and decisive temper was better fitted, than that understanding which in Lelius was attended with an indecision, and an undetermined anxiety, which the hurry of business and the course of affairs will not admit of.

On a review of these characters, therefore, while we respect the superior understanding of Lelius, and

admire the fine genius and accomplishments of Cornelius, we at the same time see that they were less fitted for the conduct of affairs, and the bustle of life, than the active, though less profound understanding, and the sound, though less brilliant and less cultivated talents of Claudius; we easily perceive why these not only did, but why they were likely, and indeed entitled to confer superior success in the attainment of those objects at which they had chosen to aspire.

Such examples, I believe, almost every period would afford, if of every period we were able to collect the history from impartial and unbiassed testimony. Were the characters of those who have attained stations of eminence always drawn by well-informed or faithful relators, whose views were not dazzled by grandeur, or their praise secured by patronage, we should find the elevation of such men ascribable to talents of a much lower rank than those lofty attributes with which their panegyrists invest them; and could the unsuccessful find historians, their relations would frequently convince us, that, independently of the numberless accidents which disturb the course of society, and disappoint the best-founded hopes and most probable means of success, even in those departments of life where genius and talents may be supposed most necessary, men are as apt to fail from too large as from too small a share of those envied endowments.

And if we take into the account that dignity of soul, often the attendant of high talents, which places them above the accommodating compliances of inferior minds; or the effect of those delicate feelings from which the man of genius will often find himself hurt by incidents to which common spirits can easily submit; we shall discover many additional sources of that disappointment which he is apt to

meet with, and be still more satisfied, that superior talents and fine genius are instruments too finely tempered for the common drudgery of life, and were not meant to reap their reward from the successful pursuit of business or ambition.

L

N° 40. SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

In the works of your predecessors, as well as in every other book of didactic wisdom, much stress is laid on the advantages of a cultivated education, of an early acquaintance with the celebrated authors of antiquity. From Cicero downwards (and indeed much more anciently than Cicero), the benefits of learning have been enumerated, which is held forth as the surest road to respect, to advancement, and to happiness.

There was a time, Mr. Lounger, when this was my own opinion; and, seconded by the wishes of my parents, I early applied myself to every branch of learning which their circumstances, rather narrow ones, could set within my reach. As I was intended for the church, I received an academical education suited to that profession; and acquired besides a considerable knowledge, as was generally allowed, in different departments of science not absolutely requisite to the situation of a clergyman. For the acquisition of these I was indebted to the generous assistance of a gentleman whose godson I happened to be. He used to say, that a clergyman in this country should know

something more than divinity; that he must be the physician, the geographer, and the naturalist of his parish: and accordingly, to the scanty allowance of my father, he made an addition equal to the procuring me an opportunity of acquiring the different branches of knowledge connected with those studies.

By the favour of the same gentleman, I lately procured a recommendation to a friend of his, a Baronet in my native county, who has in his gift the presentation to a considerable living, of which the present incumbent is in such a valetudinary state, as makes his surviving long a matter of very little probability. To this recommendation a very favourable answer was received, expressive of the great regard which the Baronet and his family bore to the gentleman who patronised me, and accompanied with what we thought a very fortunate piece of condescension and politeness, an invitation for me to spend a week or two at the Baronet's country-seat during the autumn vacation. Of this I need not say how happy we were to accept. My family rejoiced at the introduction which I was about to procure to the notice and complacency of a great man's house, and considered it as the return which they had always hoped for all their trouble and expence about my education. My own pride was not silent on the subject. I looked on this visit as an opportunity afforded me of displaying the talents with which I flattered myself I was endowed, and the knowledge I had been at such pains to attain.

When I arrived at the Baronet's, I found him and his Lady a good deal disappointed with my appearance and address, which I now first perceived to want something which was essential to good company. I felt an awkwardness, which my want of mixing with the world had occasioned, and an embarrassment which all my knowledge did not enable me to over-

come. For these, however, Sir John and Lady F—— felt rather compassion than displeasure, and delivered me over to the valet de chambre, to make me somewhat smarter, as they called it, by having my hair more modishly dressed, and the cut of my coat altered; an improvement which I rather felt as an indignity, than acknowledged as a favour. These preliminaries being adjusted, I was suffered to come into company, where I expected to make up for the deficiency of my exterior, by displaying the powers of my mind and the extent of my knowledge. But I discovered, to my infinite mortification, that my former studies had been altogether misapplied, and that in my present situation they availed me nothing. My knowledge of the learned languages, of classical authors, of the history, the philosophy, and the poetry of the ancients, I met with no occasion to introduce, and no hearers to understand; but it was found that I could neither carve, play whist, sing a catch, or make up one in a country dance. A young lady, a visitor of the family, who was said to be a great reader, tried me with the enigmas of the Lady's Magazine, and declared me impracticably dull. Geography, astronomy, or natural history, Sir John and his companions neither understood nor cared for; but some of them reminded the Baronet, in my presence, of a clergyman they had met with in one of their excursions, a man of the most complete education, who was allowed to be the best bowler in the county, a dead shot, rode like the devil (these were the gentleman's words), and was a sure hand at finding a hare.

If these qualities are not very clerical, they may however be deemed innocent; but I find, from the discourse of the family, that some other things are required of Sir John's parson, which it would not be so easy for a good conscience to comply with. He must now and then drink a couple of bottles, when

the company chuses to be frolicksome; he must wink at certain indecencies in language and irregularities in behaviour; and once, when Sir John had sat rather longer than usual after dinner, he told me that a clergyman, to be an honest fellow, must have nothing of religion about him.

In the seclusion of a college, I may perhaps have over-rated the usefulness of science, and the value of intellectual endowments; my pride of scholarship, therefore, I should be willing to overcome, since I find that learning confers so little estimation in the world: but as, on the score of qualifications, I am incapable of what is desired, and, in the article of indulgences, will never submit to what is expected, is it not my duty, Mr. Lounger, to resign my pretensions to the living which was promised me; though I dread the reproaches of my parents, whom the prospect of having me so soon provided for had made happy; though I fear to offend my benefactor who recommended me to Sir John, and at the same time assured me that he was one of the best sort of men he knew; yet surely to purchase patronage and favour by such arts is unworthy, to insure them by such compliances is criminal.

I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

In the course of my late excursion to the country, I have seen some instances of the evil complained of by my correspondent, which equally surprised and grieved me. The proprietor of a country parish, if he has the true pride and feeling of his station, will consider himself as a kind of sovereign of the domain; bound like all other sovereigns, as much for his own sake as for theirs, to promote the in-

terests and happiness of his people. So much of both depend on the choice of their pastor, that perhaps there is no appointment which he has the power of making, more material to the prosperity and good order of his estate. The advantages of rational religion, or the evils which arise from its abuse, which are often the effects of a proper or improper nomination of a clergyman, form a character of the people of a district not more important to their morals and eternal interests, than to their temporal welfare and prosperity.

I was very much pleased, in my late visit at Colonel Caustic's with the appearance and deportment of the clergyman of his parish, who was a frequent visitor of my friend's and his sister's. The Colonel, after drawing his character in a very favourable way, concluded with telling me, that he had seen something of the world, having officiated in the early part of his life as the chaplain of a regiment. To this circumstance, I confess, I was inclined to impute some of the Colonel's predilection in his favour: but a little acquaintance with him convinced me, that he had done the good man no more than justice in his eulogium. There was something of a placid dignity in his aspect; of a politeness, not of form but of sentiment, in his manner; of a mildness, undebased by flattery, in his conversation, equally pleasing and respectable. He had now no family, as Miss Caustic informed me, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, and two children she had brought him, a good many years ago. But his parishioners are his family, said she. His look indeed was parental, with something above the cares, but not the charities of this world; and over a cast of seriousness, and perhaps melancholy, that seemed to be reserved for himself, there was an easy cheerfulness, and now and

then a gaiety, that spoke to the innocent pleasures of life a language of kindness and indulgence.

'’Tis the religion of a gentleman,' said Colonel Caustic.—'’Tis the religion of a philosopher,' said I.—'’Tis something more useful than either,' said his sister. 'Did you know his labours, as I have sometimes occasion to do! The composer of differences; the promoter of peace and of contentment; the encourager of industry, sobriety, and all the virtues that make the lower ranks prosperous and happy. He gives to religion a certain graciousness which allures to its service, yet in his own conduct he takes less indulgence than many that preach its terrors. The duties of his function are his pleasures, and his doctrine is, that every man will experience the same thing, if he brings his mind fairly to the trial: that to fill our station well is in every station to be happy.'

'The great and the wealthy, I have heard the good man say,' continued the excellent sister of my friend, 'to whom refinement and fancy open a thousand sources of delight, do not make the proper allowance for the inferior rank of men. That rank has scarce any exercise of mind or imagination but one, and that one is religion; we are not to wonder if it sometimes wanders into the gloom of superstition, or the wilds of enthusiasm. To keep this principle warm but pure, to teach it as the gospel has taught it, 'the mother of good works,' as encouraging, not excusing our duties, the guide at the same time, and the sweetner of life; to dispense this sacred treasure as the balm of distress, the cordial of disease, the conqueror of death! These are the privileges which I enjoy, which I hope I have used for the good of my people: they have hitherto shed satisfaction on my life, and I trust will smooth its close!'

'’Tis the religion of a Christian!' said Miss Caustic.

Z

N° 41. SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1785.

Pandere res alta nocte et caligine mersas. VIRG.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH the present age is undoubtedly possessed of a great deal of knowledge and science of which former periods could not boast, yet it must, on the other hand, be allowed, that we are apt to plume ourselves upon our acquirements fully as much as we are entitled to. We pretend a superiority over ancient times, not only on account of the discoveries we have made, but of the prejudices we have overcome, and smile with a contemptuous self-importance on the easy faith of our ancestors.

Of this latter sort is the credit which almost every modern takes for a total disbelief of spirits, apparitions, and witches. Not a school-boy now-a-days who does not laugh at the existence of witchcraft and sorcery; and, if he has ever heard of the statute-book, he silences every argument, by the quotation of the act of parliament which repealed the ancient laws by which those crimes were punishable, and thus expressed the sense of the legislature that no such crimes existed.

Yet it is certain, that many of the wisest and best-informed among our forefathers had a firm be-

lief in the existence of witchcraft and sorcery, and one of the most learned of our Monarchs actually wrote a treatise on the subject. To this some of the less assuming of our modern sceptics answer, that though, at the time of passing the old laws now repealed, and of writing that royal and learned treatise above-mentioned, such a diabolical art and mystery might really and truly prevail; yet now, in the eighteenth century, it is no longer practised, and that witchcraft, conjuration, and sorcery, are entirely abolished and unknown.

I, for my part, have more reverence for the penetration of our forefathers, than to suppose they could have been deceived as to what happened in their own time; and further, I am not ashamed to confess my belief that even yet there exists such an art as that of witchcraft; nor do I despair of bringing over my readers to this opinion, if they will listen with candour to the proofs I propose in this paper to bring in support of it.

I conceive the fairest way of doing this to be, to cite, from the best authority among the old writers, the appearances they particularly remarked, and the facts they specifically set forth, of the practice of this unchristian and diabolical art in their time; and then to appeal to the experience and observation of every unprejudiced person, whether such appearances and facts are not at this day frequently and commonly seen and known. If this be allowed, it may, I think, fairly be presumed, that the same causes produce the same effects, that these extraordinary phænomena are now, as formerly, the effect of unnatural means, to wit, of witchcraft, sorcery, or conjuration.

The treatise of King James I should certainly chuse as the highest authority on this subject, were it not from its dialogistic form, rather diffuse, and not easily compressible into the short limits of your

paper. I shall therefore extract, from another writer, a contemporary of that wise and learned monarch, a more brief account of the different sorts of witchcraft, which, however, is chiefly taken from, and in most particulars entirely agrees with the dialogues of the king on that subject.

'I think it good,' says that writer, 'in this place to set down the divers sorts and classes of those unlawful and accursed dealers in witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment, and sorcery, on whom the late wise and wholesome law (*anno secundo, vulgo primo, Jacob. cap.* 12.) doth specially attach.

'1. There are who, moulding images of persons on whom they mean to practise, and making up the same to something of human similitude, with wax, paint, hair, and other materials, do stick into the same, scissars, long pins, and other piercing weapons, and at the last laying the same before a strong fire, as the wax of the image melteth away, so doth the flesh of the poor wight whom it representeth (which was at first tortured and torn as with the wounding of such sharp instruments as aforesaid) burn and consume with strange pains and pinings.

'2. Others there be, exceeding rife in Lapland, Finland, and other wild parts of the world, who at their nightly meetings, by incantations and uncouth form of words, calling the arch fiend to their aid, and being sometimes armed with charms and amulets of strange shape and divers colours, these withered and devilish hags do raise storms, tempests, and angry appearances of the sky, to the wreck of many goodly ships, and rich merchandise.

'3. A third kind is of those who being more stirred with the greed of lucre, than pricked on (as the two last mentioned sorts) with anger and revenge, do, by compact with the devil, procure to themselves much wealth in gold, silver, and precious

stones, which they find in chests, caskets, and other places, into which no man could put the same by any natural means. But herein oft-times is manifest the notable deceit of the great father of lies, that the said gold and other precious things shall, in a short space, be turned again into stones, dross, or other unvalued substances, whereof Satan (as may be conjectured) did first by his power and art make and fashion the same.

'4. There is likewise to be noted a power which such wizards and sorcerers do possess, of transporting themselves invisibly, so that no man knoweth whence they came, nor whither they go, and of entering houses, though the same be barred against them in all manner of usual passage and access, disquieting and affraying the inhabitants thereof; though generally (as our Royal Master well observeth in his most learned Dialogue on Demonologie, book iii. chap. 1.), when those wizards or spirits (for their kind and species seemeth not well determined) haunt certain houses that are dwelt in, it is a sure token of grosse ignorance, or of some grosse and slanderous sinnes amongst the inhabitants thereof.'

Now, to bring examples of the various kinds of witchcraft similar to the above, which still continue to be practised in modern times. Is not Miss ——, to whose health I have drank so many bumpers, plainly a witch of the first class? Does she not make up an image like a human one, with wax (otherwise pomatum) and paint (as is sometimes alledged), hair, and other materials, stick into the same *scissars*, *long pins*, and other piercing weapons, and which causeth those on whom she intends to practise, to burn and consume with strange pains and pinings? I must further observe here, that my author, on this part of his subject, differs from his Royal Master on the

question, 'Whether it is lawful, by the help of another witch, to cure the disease that is casten on by the craft of the first?' which question the king had answered in the negative; but this later writer argues for the lawfulness of that mode of cure. Our modern *bewitched* accordingly seem almost universally to agree in the latter opinion.

The nightly meetings of the older species of witch, mentioned by the above author in the second place, have surely come within the knowledge of most of my readers. In the inner room of some very great ladies houses, on what is called (by a phrase probably borrowed from this very act of witchcraft) a *rout-night*, are not certain magical sounds and incantations used? Is not the arch fiend frequently called on by name? Are there not, on a table, sometimes in a little caldron, amulets to be seen of strange shapes and divers colours? Are there not storms raised, and angry appearances? Undoubtedly all those circumstances are known to exist. That, however, no innocent person may suffer from my accusation, and that the Lord of any such great Lady may not, like the good Duke of Gloucester of old, suffer for the witchcraft of his wife, I must in justice add, that the husbands of these ladies are in general no conjurors.

Of the third kind of those unlawful dealers with the devil, there is no want of examples among us. Do we not see men every day, who, by compact with the devil (for we know not of any natural means by which they could accomplish it), procure to themselves much wealth, gold, silver, and precious stones? Is not Mr. ——, who was a few years ago worth nothing, but who now keeps his chariot, entertains people of the first fashion, gives the most sumptuous entertainments, and drinks the highest priced wines; in short, vies in expence with men of the greatest

fortunes, evidently a conjuror of this class? As to the transmutation of this gold and other precious materials into their former state of dross, and other things of no value, I leave that point of similitude to the evidence of those gentlemen's creditors.

As to the species described in the fourth section of the learned author above quoted, I see in most houses of fashionable resort wizards of a description resembling those who possess the power of invisible transportation mentioned by this writer; men whose descent nobody knows, of whom no one can tell whence they came, and who themselves confess their ignorance whither they shall go, who talk of intimacies with people of most distinguished rank, both at home and abroad, and give hints of having been in the most private recesses of palaces and hotels, who must undoubtedly have been carried thither by some supernatural power, and who, according to the testimony of people who are known to have been in some of those places at the time, must have actually been there in an invisible state. Is it not also commonly a token (as our author phrases it) "of grosse ignorance and slanderous sinne" in the inhabitants of the houses where such wizards or spirits do for the most part haunt? Do not many of them get into such houses though the doors are barred against them, and all manner of usual access is denied? And is not the cure of such a plague exactly the same in these days as in the time of King James, 'by prayer to God used in the house,' or 'by the inhabitants thereof purging themselves, by amendment of life, from such sinnes as have procured the extraordinary plague of those evil spirits haunting the same?'

I think I have now fully evinced the truth of the proposition with which I set out. I shall only add one other instance, of which I think, Sir, you are particularly qualified to attest the truth. An author

of a periodical paper who knows the minds of the ladies better than themselves; who reads characters as a physician reads diseases, by merely looking on the faces of his patients; who can prognosticate the change of manners, the rise of fashions, the downfal of wits, and the decay of beauties;—if such a man is not a conjuror, he is absolutely good for nothing.

I am, &c.

ANTIQUO-MODERNUS.

Z

N°42. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I WAS much pleased with the mention made by your friend Colonel Caustic, of our poet Hamilton of Bangour. I have always regarded him as holding a distinguished rank among the fine writers of his age, and as having done signal credit to the genius of his country. Yet his works do not appear to me to be so well known, nor to be held in such high esteem, as they deserve. Permit me, therefore, to recommend them to your readers.

The poems of Hamilton display regular design, just sentiments, fanciful invention, pleasing sensibility, elegant diction, and smooth versification. His genius was aided by taste, and his taste was improved by knowledge. He was not only well acquainted with the most elegant modern writers, but with those of antiquity. Of these remarks, his poem entitled *Con-*

templation, or *The Triumph of Love*, affords sufficient illustration.

The design of this Poem is regular. The Poet displays in it the struggles, relapses, recoveries, and final discomfiture of a mind striving with an obstinate and habituated passion. It has, in the language of the critics, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It exhibits an action in its rise, progress, and termination. The Poet represents himself as wishing to withdraw his thoughts from inferior subjects, and fix them on such as he holds better suited to a rational, and still more to a philosophical spirit. He must be aided in this high exercise by Contemplation, and the assistance of this august personage must be duly solicited. Accordingly, the Poem opens with a fine address to the 'Voice divine,' the Power of Poetry:

> Go forth, invoked, O Voice divine!
> And issue from thy sacred shrine;
> Go, search each solitude around
> Where Contemplation may be found, &c.

But Contemplation must not only be duly solicited, but properly received and attended; and therefore a company of various but suitable associates are invited;

> Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes,
> That joins this earth to distant skies, &c.
> Devotion high above that soars,
> And sings exulting, and adores, &c.——
> Last, to crown all, with these be join'd
> The decent nun, fair Peace of Mind,
> Whom Innocence, ere yet betray'd,
> Bore young in Eden's happy shade;
> Resign'd, contented, meek, and mild,
> Of blameless mother, blameless child.

In like manner, such passions as are adverse to Contemplation are very properly prohibited; and in this catalogue are included, among others, Superstition, Zeal, Hypocrisy, Malice, and all inhuman affections.

The Poet seems chiefly solicitous to prohibit Love. Of him and his intrusion he appears particularly apprehensive. Yet, in the confidence of his present mood, he would disguise his apprehensions, and treats this formidable adversary, not only with defiance, but with contempt.

> But chiefly Love, Love far off fly,
> Nor interrupt my privacy.
> 'Tis not for thee, capricious power,
> Weak tyrant of a fev'rish hour,
> Fickle, and ever in extremes,
> My radiant day of Reason beams;
> And sober Contemplation's ear
> Disdains thy syren tongue to hear.
> Speed thee on changeful wings away
> To where thy willing slaves obey.
> Go, herd amongst thy wonted train,
> The false, th' inconstant, and the vain;
> Thou hast no subject here; begone!
> Contemplation comes anon.

The action proceeds. The Poet attends to solemn objects; engages in important inquiries; considers the diversified condition of human life; dwells on the ample provision made by nature for human happiness; dwells on the happiness of social affections; is thus led imperceptibly to think of love; mentions Monimia, and relapses.

> Ah me! What, helpless, have I said?
> Unhappy, by myself betray'd!
> I deem'd, but ah! I deem'd in vain,
> From the dear image to refrain, &c.

He makes another effort, but with equal success; he makes another, and another; he will exalt his mind by acts of devotion, or plunge into the gloom of melancholy. But the influences of the predominant passion still return to the charge, and restore their object: on the heights of devotion, or in the shades of melancholy, he still meets with Monimia. Such

is the progress of the Poem; and in the conclusion, we have an interesting view of the Poet, yielding to his adversary, but striving to be resigned.

> Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
> This rebel heart ſhall beat no more, &c.

The justness of the Poet's sentiments is next to be mentioned. He illustrates the power of habituated passion over reason and reflection. Farther, he illustrates, that, though the attention be engaged with objects of the most opposite kind to that of the reigning passion, yet still it returns. He shews too, that this happens, notwithstanding the most determined resolutions and purposes to the contrary. All this he does not formally, but by ingenious and indirect insinuation. He also illustrates a curious process in the conduct of our intellectual powers, when under the dominion of strong emotion. He shews the manner by which prevailing passions influence our thoughts in the association of ideas; that they do not throw their objects upon the mind abruptly, or without coherence, but proceed by a regular progress: for that, how different soever ideas or objects may be from one another, the prevailing or habituated passion renders the mind acute in discerning among them common qualities, or circumstances of agreement or correspondence, otherwise latent or not obvious: that these common qualities are dexterously used by the mind, as uniting links, or means of transition; and that thus, not incoherently, but by the natural connection most commonly of resemblance, the ruling passion brings its own object to the fore ground, and into perfect view. Thus our Poet, in the progress of his action, has recourse to friendship. He dwells on the happiness that connection bestows; he wishes for a faithful friend; his imagination figures such a person,

> In whose soft and gentle breast
> His weary soul may take her rest;

and then, by easy transition, invests this friend with a female form, with the form of Monimia:

> Grant Heaven, if Heaven means bliss for me,
> Monimia such and long may be.

In like manner having recourse to devotion, in a spirit of rational piety, he solicits the aid of Heaven to render him virtuous. He personifies Virtue; places her in a triumphal car, attended by a suitable train; one of her attendants, a female distinguished by high pre-eminence, must also be distinguished by superior beauty, must resemble the fairest of human beings, must resemble Monimia:

> While chief in beauty, as in place,
> She charms with dear Monimia's grace.
> Monimia still, here once again!
> O! fatal name; O dubious strain, &c.
> Far off the glorious rapture flown,
> Monimia rages here alone.
> In vain, Love's fugitive I try
> From the commanding power to fly, &c.—
> Why didst thou, cruel Love, again
> Thus drag me back to earth and pain?
> Well hop'd I, Love, thou would'st retire
> Before the bless'd Jessean lyre,
> Devotion's harp would charm to rest
> The evil spirit in my breast.
> But the deaf adder still disdains
> To listen to the chanter's strains.

The whole poem illustrates the difficulty and necessity of governing our thoughts, no less than our passions.

In enumerating the most remarkable qualities in Hamilton's poetical works, besides regularity of design, and justness of thought or sentiment, I mentioned fanciful invention; and of this particular I shall, in like manner, offer some illustration.

Fanciful invention is, in truth, the quality that, of all others, distinguishes, and is chiefly characteristic of poetical composition. The beauties of design, sentiment, and language, belong to every kind of fine writing: but invention alone creates the Poet, and is a term nearly of the same signification with poetical genius. A poet is said to have more or less genius according to his powers of fancy or invention. That Hamilton possesses a considerable portion of this talent, is manifest in many of his compositions, and particularly so in his *Contemplation*. This appears evident from some passages already quoted. But, though our Poet possesses powers of invention, he is not endowed with all the powers of invention, nor with those of every kind. His genius seems qualified for describing some beautiful scenes and objects of external nature, and for delineating with the embellishments of allegory, some passions and affections of the human mind.

Still, however, his imagination is employed among beautiful and engaging, rather than among awful and magnificent images; and even when he presents us with dignified objects, he is more grave than lofty, more solemn than sublime, as in the following passage:

Now see! the spreading gates unfold,
Display'd the sacred leaves of gold.
Let me with holy awe repair
To the solemn house of pray'r;
And as I go, O thou! my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part.
Religion enter in my breast,
A mild and venerable guest!
Put off, in contemplation drown'd,
Each thought impure in holy ground;
And cautious tread, with awful fear,
The courts of heaven;—for God is here.
Now my grateful voice I raise,
Ye angels, swell a mortal's praise,
To charm with your own harmony
The ear of him who sits on high.

It was also said, that our Poet possessed pleasing sensibility. It is not asserted that he displays those vehement tumults and ecstacies of passion, that belong to the higher kinds of lyric and dramatic composition. He is not shaken with excessive rage, nor melted with overwhelming sorrow; yet, when he treats of grave or affecting subjects, he expresses a plaintive and engaging softness. He is never violent and abrupt, and is more tender than pathetic. Perhaps the 'Braes of Yarrow,' one of the finest ballads ever written, may put in a claim to superior distinction. But even with this exception, I should think our Poet more remarkable for engaging tenderness, than for deep and affecting pathos. Of this his epitaph, beginning with 'Could this fair marble,' affords illustration.

In like manner, when he expresses joyful sentiments, or describes scenes and objects of festivity, which he does very often, he displays good humour and easy cheerfulness, rather than the transports of mirth or the brilliancy of wit. In one of the best of his poems, addressed to Lady Mary Montgomery, he adorns sprightliness of thought, graceful ease, and good humour, with corresponding language and numbers. In this performance a number of female characters are described in the liveliest manner, characterised with judgment, and distinguished with acute discernment. Thus, in the following indirect description, we have the dignity of female excellence:

> —— Heavenly Charlotte, form divine,
> Love's universal kingdom's thine:
> Anointed Queen! all unconfin'd,
> Thine is the homage of mankind.

In another passage we have a fine picture of the gentler and livelier graces:

> In everlasting blushes seen,
> Such Pringle shines, of sprightly mien:

To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts,
That best the lover's fires provoke,
The lively step, the mirthful joke;
The speaking glance, the am'rous wile,
The sportful laugh, the winning smile;
Her soul awak'ning every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;
In bloom of youth still to survive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

Elsewhere we have a melodious beauty:

Artist divine! to her belong.
The heavenly lay, and magic song, &c.——
Whene'er she speaks, the joy of all,
Soft the silver accents fall, &c.

The transitions in this poem are peculiarly happy. Such are the following:

Strike again the golden lyre,
Let Hume the notes of joy inspire, &c.——
But who is she, the general gaze
Of sighing crowds, the world's amaze,
Who looks forth as the blushing morn,
On mountains of the east new born, &c.——
Fair is the lily, sweet the rose,
That in thy cheek, O Drummond, glows, &c.

I have dwelt so long, and I could not avoid it, on the preceding particulars, that I have not left myself room for illustrations of our Poet's language and versification. I observed, in general, that these were elegant and melodious; and so every reader of genuine taste will feel them. They are not, however, unexceptionable; and if in another letter I should give farther illustration of our author's poetical character, I shall hold myself bound, not only to mention some excellencies, but also some blemishes in his verse and diction.

I am, &c.
PHILOMUSOS.

I have given the above letter, which I received some time ago from an unknown correspondent, to my readers, from a belief that they will feel themselves interested in the Works of a Poet, who not only was born and resided in Scotland, but whose pencil was particularly employed in delineating the eminent characters of both sexes in our native country at the time in which he lived. It will not, methinks, require the enthusiasm of a '*laudator temporis acti*,' like Colonel Caustic, to receive a peculiar satisfaction in tracing the virtues and the beauty of a former age, in the verses of one who appears to have so warmly caught the spirit of the first, to have so warmly felt the power of the latter. Nor may it be altogether without a moral use, to see, in the poetical record of a former period, the manners of our own country in times of less luxury, but not perhaps of less refinement; when Fashion seems to have conferred superiorities fully as intrinsic as any she can boast at present; to have added dignity of sentiment to pride of birth, and to have invested superior beauty with superior grace and higher accomplishments.

Z

N° 43. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR, ——shire, *Oct.* 1785.

AT the age of thirty-five I succeeded, by the death of a near relation, to a considerable land estate. Upon this event I resolved to fix my residence at the family mansion-house. I was very little acquainted with that part of the country where it was situated; but I was told it was in an uncommonly *good neighbourhood*; and that I should be particularly fortunate in having it in my power to enjoy an excellent society. I found a tolerable library of old books, to which I added a pretty extensive collection of modern ones: from the perusal of them, from the attention which I proposed to give to the culture of a part of my estate which I meant to farm myself, and from the enjoyment which I expected to reap from the company and conversation of my good neighbours, I was in hopes that my life would slide on in a very agreeable manner.

Being naturally of an easy temper, and desirous of being on good terms with every one around me, as soon as I came to fix my abode, I made it a principal object to get acquainted with my neighbours, and to establish a familiar intercourse between us. Our first visits were rather formal and distant; but this gradually wore off, and our correspondence became frequent and repeated. Their invitations to me were numerous; and I did not fail to ask them in return. I endeavoured to make my welcome as

warm as theirs, and to treat them with the same marks of hospitality which I received.

But, Sir, I now find that what I expected would have been one of the blessings of my situation, has become one of its greatest misfortunes. My neighbours, having once found the way to my house, are now scarce ever out of it. When they are idle in the mornings, which is almost always the case, they direct their ride or their walk my way, and pay a friendly visit to their neighbour Dalton. I am by this means interrupted in my attention to my farm, and have not time left to give the necessary orders. It is vain to think of making use of my library: when I sit down to read, I am disturbed before I get the length of a few pages, and am obliged to break off in the midst of an interesting story, or an instructive piece of reasoning. I cannot deny myself, or order my servants to tell I am not at home. This is one of your privileges in town: but in the country, if one's horses are in the stable, or one's chaise in the coach-house, one is of necessity bound to receive all intruders. In this manner are my mornings constantly lost, and I am not allowed to have a single half hour to myself.

This, however, is one of the slightest of my distresses; the morning intrusions are nothing to the more formal visitations of the afternoons. Hardly a day passes without my being obliged to have a great dinner for the reception of my neighbours; and when they are not with me, good neighbourhood, I am told, requires I should be with them, and give them my visitations in return. Even of the very best company, where the very best conversation takes place, a man is apt, at least I have felt this in myself, sometimes to tire, and to wish for the indulgence of that listlessness, that sort of dreaming indolence, which you, Sir, are so well acquainted

with, and which can only be had alone. But to be constantly exposed to be in a crowd, a crowd selected from no other circumstance than from their residing within ten miles of you;—the keeper of an inn is not, in point of company, in a worse situation.

But the merely being obliged to spend my mornings in the way I have described, and my afternoons in a constant crowd of promiscuous company, is not the only evil I have to complain of. The manner in which I am obliged to spend it in that company is still more disagreeable. Hospitality in this part of the country does not consist solely in keeping an open house, and receiving all your neighbours for many miles round; but one must fill them drunk, and get drunk with them one's self. Having no fund of conversation with which they can entertain their landlord or each other, they are obliged to have recourse to their glass to make up for every other want, and deficiency of matter is supplied by repeated bumpers. It is a favourite maxim here, that *Conversation spoils good company*; and this maxim is most invariably followed in practice, unless noise and vociferation, after the swallowing of more than one bottle, can be called conversation. Without injustice it may be said of most of my neighbours, that when sober they are silent, and when not sober, it were better they remained silent. I have frequently made efforts to check the riot and intemperance of my guests, and to with-hold the bottle from them, when I have thought they have drunk fully as much as was good for them; but I have always found myself unable to do it. I should hate to be called a stingy fellow; and I know, if I were to establish sobriety, I should be called stingy. When I cannot keep my guests sober, I sometimes try to escape the glass, and to be sober myself: but, when I do this, I find some of them look upon me with an evil eye,

as if I meant to be a spy upon the unguarded moments of my guests; others laugh at me for giving myself airs, as they call it; and I cannot bear to be laughed at.

But riot and drunkenness are not all the ills I have to submit to. After we have drunk oceans of liquor, cards are commonly proposed; and gambling and drunkenness, though very unfit companions, are joined together. We do not play for a very deep stake, but still we play for something considerable. I do not like to lose, and yet it is equally disagreeable to win. I am commonly pretty lucky; and, in a run of luck, often suffer a good deal in gaining their guineas from people who I know well cannot afford to lose them. It is a mortifying spectacle, to see those who are frequently together, and seem to be the greatest friends when the bottle is going round, after they have drunk as much as they can hold, sit down to pilfer one another of sums which they cannot easily pay, and which, in their sober moments, they will feel the distress of paying.

Sometimes, to avoid play, I counterfeit sleepiness, and escape to bed. But this does not break up the party;—they are only left more at their liberty; and the morning is far advanced before matters are brought to a conclusion. The evil consequences of this to my domestic œconomy are obvious. My family is disturbed with noise during the whole night, and my servants are prevented from going to bed. My house is thus rendered a scene of confusion, and every household concern is neglected. I wish to get up betimes in the morning, and to have breakfast at an early hour: but this cannot be accomplished; for when I ring for John to bring up the tea-kettle, I am told he has not been above an hour in bed.

The corruption of the higher orders of the family I find is spreading among the lower. Going into

the servants hall one night at a late hour, when I had escaped from the gambling party in the drawing-room, I found the whole servants engaged at *brag*. I could hardly be angry at them; they were only doing on a smaller scale what was a-doing on a larger above stairs; and being forced to sit up all night, they were obliged to fill up their time with something.

I have thus, Sir, laid before you some of the distresses of my situation, all of which seem to proceed from my having a good neighbourhood. I have frequently resolved to exert myself manfully to put a stop to these grievances, to quarrel with all my neighbours, and to tell them, that for the future I am to lock up my doors, and neither to give nor receive their visits. But my resolution has hitherto failed me. One of the comforts I expected to have received from living in the country, was, that I might live undisturbed; that the easiness of my temper should not be broke in upon; and that I should have no occasion for vigorous exertion. Desirous of being on a good footing with every body, and unable to bear either the censure or the derision of others, I have not been able, nor do I believe I ever shall be able, to summon up as much resolution as to expose myself to the scorn or to the hatred of those around me.

In this situation it has occurred to me, that if you think proper to publish this letter, it may possibly, without my taking any stronger measure, have a good effect; it may perhaps afford a hint to my neighbours, which may relieve me in some measure, without any further stir of mine. But if this shall not happen, and if my grievances shall still continue, I find I shall be obliged, however unwillingly, to give up my habitation in the country, and to take a house in town, in order that I may sometimes enjoy

the pleasures of solitude and retirement, and escape the evils of a *good neighbourhood*. I am, &c.

GEORGE DALTON.

S

N°44. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1785.

To the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I HAVE observed, that the greatest part of your correspondents have given you a detail of grievances and complaints. In disclosing their misfortunes, they have no doubt conveyed to your readers some useful lessons, for avoiding those errors of conduct which in general have been the cause of them: but the picture of happiness may often prove as instructive as that of calamity or distress; and, in that view, while I gratify my own feelings by the following narrative, I flatter myself it may not be unprofitable to others.

My father, Sir, inherited an estate in one of the northern counties of this kingdom, a property once considerable, and which had been in his family for some generations; but which, during his life and that of my grandfather, had, from a certain easiness of temper bordering upon improvidence, and their humane endeavours to assist their needy relations, been so greatly reduced, that at my father's death it was necessary to bring the estate to sale for the payment of his debts. A trifling reversion remained for the support of my mother, myself, and an only sister; and with this slender provision we betook

ourselves to a small farm-house, which my mother rented from the new possessor of our paternal lands.

Here, by her uncommon industry, and the exertions of a spirit superior to her misfortunes, she maintained her little household decently and respectably, while she gained the esteem and admiration of the whole neighbourhood. My sister, who was some years younger than myself, was accustomed almost from infancy to bear her part in the management of the family. My mother had taught us reading, writing, and the first rudiments of arithmetic; and the clergyman of the parish was at pains to instruct me in the elements of the Greek and Latin languages, of which, in a few years, I obtained a competent knowledge. This worthy man, whose name was Johnson, had been the friend and companion of my father from their earliest infancy, and thus considered himself as bound by duty to be a guardian and parent to his children. He had himself an only daughter, of equal age with my sister, and whom, in those days of childhood and innocence, I regarded alike with the affection of a brother. But on this first period of my life, though the recollection is delightful, I forbear to enlarge.

I had now attained my fifteenth year, and it became necessary to think of some profession by which I might make my way in the world. My inclination led me to the study of medicine, which I had prosecuted for some time with great assiduity, when a near relation of my mother's, who warmly interested himself in our welfare, procured for me the commission of a surgeon's mate on board an Indiaman. The ship to which I belonged was to sail within a fortnight after I received intelligence of my appointment. My mother prepared for me a stock of linens, and other necessaries, to which she added a purse with fifteen guineas. The worthy Mr. John-

son gave me a pocket-bible, with his blessing. My sister, and his daughter Emma, gave me their tears; for that was all they had to bestow: but from the tears of the latter I felt an emotion of tenderness beyond what even the affection of a brother could produce. I had unconsciously nourished an attachment of which this parting first taught me the force, but which, at the same time, it obliged me to stifle and conceal.

After a voyage of six months, our ship arrived in the Ganges. During my stay at Calcutta, I was fortunate enough to recommend myself to a countryman of my own, then high in the council; by whose interest, with my Captain's leave, I obtained an appointment of surgeon to a small settlement of the Company's, which bordered on the territory of the Nabob of ——. Various, Sir, are the methods of acquiring wealth in India. Of these the obvious and apparent are so well known, that they need not be mentioned: the more mysterious courses to affluence, as I never was solicitous myself to unravel, so I am not well qualified to explain. It is enough for me to say, that, with a good conscience, and during a twelve years exercise of a profession serviceable to my fellow-creatures, I acquired what to me appeared a competency. In short, Sir, being now possessed of a fortune of 25,000l. I began to think of returning to my native country. I had, from time to time, during the last years of my stay in India, remitted such sums to my mother as I judged might enable her to exchange her toilsome and parsimonious mode of life for ease and comfort; but she wrote to me, that industry was now become familiar, and even agreeable, that she could not relish the bread of idleness, and that it was sufficient happiness for her and for my sister to be assured of my health and prosperity. By the last opportunity that pre-

ceded my leaving India, I had acquainted my mother of my intention of returning home in the following spring. This intention I put in execution; and bringing with me the best part of my fortune, landed in safety on the coast of Britain, after an absence of thirteen years and a half.

A few days travelling brought me once more to the spot of my nativity. I stopped in the afternoon within a few miles of the place, and wrote the following billet:

'Jack Truman sends the bearer, his servant, to acquaint his dearest mother and sister, that he is within a day's journey of Brookland farm, and proposes, by God's blessing, to be with them this evening.'

This note was meant to give them time to prepare for our meeting; but I had not patience to wait my man's return, and set out a few minutes after him. I need not describe the emotions I felt at sight of my native fields, the recollection of which, distance of place and length of time had rather endeared than impaired. I had little leisure to indulge the remembrance: my mother and sister, equally impatient with myself, had come out to watch the road by which I was to arrive. Our meeting was such as might be expected from affection, heightened by the anxieties of absence; our joy such as prosperity can give to those to whom prosperity has not always been known, to those whom prosperity enables to make others happy.

You will easily figure, Sir, those topics, which, after so long an absence would naturally be the subject of our conversation. One of the first inquiries I made was about the worthy Mr. Johnson and his amiable daughter. My mother informed me that this good man was then in the last stage of a painful disease under which he had languished above three

years, and which his consitution could not thus long have resisted but for the tender care and dutiful attention of his daughter Emma; that this affectionate child had, as was thought from that motive alone, rejected several advantageous offers of marriage. To this my sister added that she was one of the loveliest and most accomplished of women.

On my way to the farm, I had remarked the ruinous appearance of the mansion-house, which had been the seat of my forefathers. My mother informed me, that the gentleman who purchased the estate from our family had been some years dead; and that his son, by a course of extravagance, had so embarrassed his fortune, that it was thought he would soon be obliged to sell the greatest part of his landed property. An opportunity thus presenting itself of recovering my paternal estate, I determined to offer immediately to become the purchaser, and flattered myself with the prospect (I hope it was an honest pride) of re-establishing our ancient family in the domain of their ancestors.

The first visit I paid to Mr. Johnson led me to form schemes of a nature yet more delightful to my imagination. Long absence, and the bustle of an active life, had lulled asleep without extinguishing that affection with which his lovely daughter had inspired me in my early years. The sight of the beautiful Emma revived that passion in its utmost force, and convinced me that she was the arbitress of my future happiness or misery. I thought I perceived in the tender confusion, the diffidence and modesty of her demeanor, and in the simplicity of a heart untaught to disguise its emotions, that I was far from being indifferent to her; nor was I deceived in this flattering idea. Her father's dissolution was fast approaching. He survived my return but a

few months; and the last act of his public duty was the union of our hands.

Five years have elapsed since that event; and I hope, Sir, you will not think my narrative tedious, if I give a short sketch of the manner in which I have passed that happy period.

The transaction for the purchase of our estate was attended with very little difficulty; and the restoration of the family to its ancient territories was celebrated by all the tenants and cottagers with high festivity, and every mark of heart-felt satisfaction. I began immediately to repair the desolated mansion-house; and having myself some taste in architecture, contrived to render it a most commodious habitation, without injuring the antiquity of its appearance, which I venerated. The apartments were repaired in the modern fashion; and the elegance of my Emma's taste displayed itself in their furniture and decorations. In a few particulars I indulged perhaps a little caprice. The wide-extended chimney of the hall, which its late proprietor had contracted to the modern scale, and decorated with Dutch porcelain, I enlarged once more to its original dimensions. It was a venerable monument of ancient hospitality. My grandfather's oaken chair was found mouldering in a garret. It was restored to its place. The top of a square tower I fitted up into a library, lighted by a large gothic window with leaden casements, from whence by day I command a beautiful landscape of the country, and by night can explore the heavens with my telescope; and here in my favourite studies of philosophy, general physics, and classical literature, of which I have a pretty numerous collection of the best authors, I pass many delightful hours. In another part of the building I have a small laboratory for chymical experiments, and the composition of medicines. Those

researches to which I was formerly led by my profession, still furnish me with an amusing, and even an useful employment; for while Providence blesses me with health, I will always be the poor man's physician.

As I am rather unwilling to occupy myself with practical husbandry, a science which without a peculiar bent and inclination I have always thought was not rashly to be engaged in, I limit my rustic employments to planting and gardening. The fields which surround my house owe their principal beauties to nature. The upland and barren spots I have covered with wood, which in a few years will afford both beauty and shelter. Assisted by my Emma's judgment, I have laid out a large garden, which promises soon to furnish me with a profusion of the most delicate fruits. A fine trouting stream washes its border. My hills pasture my mutton, and supply my game; of which the first is excellent, and the last is plentiful.

Soon after our establishment at the mansion-house, my mother and sister quitted their habitation, and became members of our family. The farm, which had become a very profitable subject, has been transferred to an old domestic who had remained attached to the family in all the changes of its fortune, and who merited that reward of his services and fidelity. My mother, whose active mind would languish if deprived of an object of exertion, has now found another occupation not less suited to her taste, and yet more pleasing in its nature. My Emma has brought me three children; two charming girls, and a stout healthy boy. These she has suckled herself, a part of the duty of a mother which she finds too agreeable to be relinquished to a hireling. The two eldest are now in charge to their grandmother, who has undertaken for them

the same office she performed to myself; and in this the good woman flatters herself with a renewal of her years. My sister was wont for some time to share in the same occupation; but I don't know how, her disposition seems a good deal changed of late. Instead of her work, she has taken to reading poetry; and borrows a good deal of time from her cares of the dairy, to bestow it on her books and her toilet. It is true, my neighbour Hearty's son Tom is a scholar, and when he comes here with his family (and they are very frequent visitors of ours), my sister and he seem very solicitous to please each other; a circumstance I am not at all sorry to observe. Tom is a very worthy young man, and my sister an excellent girl: she has one quality to which Tom is a stranger; I have taken care that she shall be entitled to 1500l. on the day of her marriage.

Such, Mr. Lounger, is my manner of life; and as I perceive from some of your late papers, that you can contrive to pass a few weeks in the country, without discontinuing to amuse the town, if you will do me the honour of a visit, I promise you the best bed in my house, a bottle of my best wine, and the best welcome I can give. I am Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN TRUMAN.

I feel myself honoured by my friend Mr. Truman's correspondence, and sensibly interested in the simple story of his worthy family. His example may serve to inculcate one lesson of importance; That moderation in point of wealth, is productive of the greatest comfort and the purest felicity. Had Mr. Truman returned from India with the enormous fortune of some other Asiatic adventurers, he would probably have been much less happy than he

is, even without considering the means by which it is possible such a fortune might have been acquired. In the possession of such overgrown wealth, however attained, there is generally more ostentation than pleasure; more pride than enjoyment: I can but guess at the feelings which accompany it, when reaped from desolated provinces, when covered with the blood of slaughtered myriads.

Z

N° 45. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

PERHAPS it is vanity in me to suppose that you have been expecting to hear from me, and it is possible, from my first account of myself, may have supposed that there were very melancholy reasons for my silence. But I am, Sir, thank God! returned to my native country in no worse condition with respect to health, than when I left it. As to peace and happiness, I can't say; my wife thinks her health much the better for our expedition.

Perhaps, Sir, I may in time learn to be reconciled to noise and disturbance, and forget my old habits of quiet and care of my health, which my dear deceased friend Dr. Doddipoll had taught me. And yet I do not find that my journey has reconciled me much to the change, though I have had some practice in the way of bustle and adventure, as you will find from a short account of our excursion.

As the motive of our journey was professedly the re-establishment of my health, I had reason to imagine that it would be conducted in the manner best suited for that purpose. I had made out a little *Pharmacopeia* of things necessary to be taken along with us on the road; but would you believe it, Sir, our new family-physician declared them altogether unnecessary, and our whole medicine chest was made up of one phial, containing two drachms of spirit of hartshorn, and a bottle holding about as many pounds of French brandy. But my wife found room in the carriage for her favourite maid, her Spanish lap-dog, and three band-boxes. Her monkey, who arrived just before we set out, she was with difficulty prevailed on to leave behind under the care of the housekeeper; an acquaintance, indeed, who met us a few miles out of town on the road to England, rode up to my wife's side of the carriage, said he supposed Mr. Dy-soon was following, and pointing to the corner where I was stuck up among the band-boxes, told her he was glad to find she had taken little master Jackoo along with her.

Though Harrowgate was the place of our destination, yet my wife (who was general of this expedition) thought it might be proper to stop at one of the more private watering-places in Cumberland, to initiate us as it were into that sort of life; as young recruits, I am told, are taught to stand their own fire by first flashing their muskets in the pan. We accordingly made a halt at one of those places, with the intention of staying some weeks; but we very soon tired of it, as the society was by no means genteel enough for my wife to mix in with any degree of satisfaction.

The only people she would allow us to consort with were the family of Sir David Dumplin, a London merchant, who had been knighted for his

eminence in commerce, who had arrived a few days before us, with his Lady and three daughters, and a Captain in the army, who had come thither to recover the fatigues he had suffered during the siege of Gibraltar, and whom Mrs. Dy-soon took great delight in hearing recount his adventures. We amused ourselves during our stay by making the other members of the party ridiculous, though they did not want for jokes against us too. They called me and my wife 'Death and Sin;' the first I could understand from my feebleness and bad health; but how they applied the second, neither the Captain nor I could ever comprehend;—they had several jests equally low and unjust against the family of Sir David Dumplin, who they pretended was only a sugar-boiler in Wapping, and had been knighted on occasion of some city address. Sir David himself, to do him justice, behaved in a very civil manner to every body, and, except sometimes when he snored after dinner, never gave the smallest offence to the rest of the company; and as for me, I was always, both in mind and body, inclined to peace and quietness. But Lady Dumplin and her daughters, with my Angelica and the Captain, were constantly at war with the other end of the table, which was divided into two hostile and irreconcileable provinces. Their differences might, indeed, have proceeded very disagreeable lengths, had we not contrived to erect a sort of barrier against hostilities, by placing between them Sir David Dumplin on one side, and a Mrs. Dough, wife of a rich baker of Liverpool, on the other, who was naturally of as placid a disposition as Sir David, and had the advantage of being deaf into the bargain. By this politic interposition, the peace was tolerably well preserved; but as the opposite party, the *ungenteels* increased daily by new arrivals, and ours, the *genteels*,

got no accession that we were disposed to allow of, the place became at last so disagreeable, and the laugh so much louder against than for us, that we were obliged to leave it a good deal sooner than we intended, and set off for Harrowgate, in company with our allies, the Dumplin family. The Captain found it convenient to remain, having previously deserted from us, on some difference with one of the young ladies, and made his peace with the opposite side, through the mediation of the good-natured Mrs. Dough, with whom (from being used to speak at the siege of Gibraltar I suppose) he contrived frequently to carry on a conversation.

To Harrowgate our gentility attended us; but it was a little unfortunate in not being universally acknowledged. There were some London people of fashion there, who had seen Sir D. Dumplin before, and such as had never seen us did not immediately perceive in Mrs. Dy-soon's face and manner that she had so much good blood in her veins as did actually flow there. This, however, as she was perfectly conscious of it herself, produced numberless bickerings, and at last obliged us to leave the first house we had lodged at, where I had got an excellent quiet apartment, and go to another, where we were much worse accommodated, but where Lady Dumplin and the Hon. Mrs. Dy-soon were the first quality of the set. Here she very fortunately supplied the loss of our Gibraltar Captain, by getting acquainted with an Irish gentleman, Colonel O'Shannon, a relation of ours, our ancestors, as the Colonel and Mrs. Dy-soon discovered, having intermarried about the year 1300. The Colonel still preserved the kindness of a cousin, attended my wife wherever she went, and made us immediately intimate with all the company in the house. But the kindness had very near proved fatal to me. Between

the bustle of his numerous introductions, the parties he formed for us at home, and the jaunts he made us take, to see every thing that was to be seen in the neighbourhood, my poor nerves were perfectly overcome; and though my wife was always telling me it was all for my good, I should have certainly died in their hands, had they not at last discovered, that my wife's seeing the sights and taking the exercise would be as much for the benefit of my health, as if I drove about and visited every thing in my own person; and so I verily believe it might, Mr. Lounger, had I been fortunate enough to be left to enjoy quiet, and take care of my health alone. But as my ill-stars would have it, I was generally left to the care of a lady, with whom, from her having the same sort of nervous complaints with myself, I had contracted an intimacy, the dowager of an old gentleman, who had, like me, married his wife for a nurse, and who left her after a life of happiness (as she used to tell me) of 18 months, in possession of his whole fortune. But then her nerves, she said, had been so shattered by his death, that she could find no enjoyment in any thing in this world. The disorder in her nerves, however, was of a kind extremely different from mine. None of that weakness and relaxation which I had experienced from a child; her's, the physicians said, was an extreme tension and irritability. She kept, it seems, a female attendant, who was of the greatest use to her in this complaint: but that attendant had died just before her arrival at Harrowgate, and in this unfortunate interval my acquaintance with her began: so she bestowed all her tension and irritability on me. It makes me quake when I think of her, Mr. Lounger! and yet, though you will call it very silly, I could not for the life of me shake her off. She had become, I don't know how, a sort of Cicisbea to

me by the common consent of our house, and I could not get rid of her without a degree of exertion that my weak constitution was unequal to. But her constitution, as she told us, was always the better for exertion. She exerted it on me with a vengeance. I often thought of the simile of the vulgar people we had left at our last watering-place. Mrs. Rasp would have completed Milton's trio to a hair.

I was very thankful when the end of the season made me rid of her, though it did not restore me to home or to quiet. Mrs. Dy-soon, on looking over the road-book, perceived what a mere step it was from Harrowgate to London, and calculated how much expence was saved by going to the metropolis now when we were more than half of the way from Edinburgh. In this idea she was much encouraged by her cousin, Col. O'Shannon, as well as by Lady Dumplin, and half a dozen other ladies who had come from the capital, at whose houses she was to be most agreeably entertained if she went thither. It was in vain that I urged my health, and the danger of a long journey; the journey would do me good, and London was 200 miles south, which gave it a great advantage, in point of climate, to delicate people like me. So out we set the day after our friends the Dumplins, who were to travel faster (as indeed I am not able to make long journies), and kindly undertook to procure lodgings, and have them ready for our reception.

But their services in that way were anticipated by our good friend Colonel O'Shannon, who travelled faster than any of us, as he generally makes his journies in the stage-coach for the sake of company, and sometimes even takes a stage or two on the outside to enjoy the air and the prospect. We found on our arrival that he had provided us with a lodging

in the house of a country-woman of his, a milliner in the Hay-market, who, he told us, had been reduced by misfortunes to keep a shop, though she was descended from the great O'Neil, and could claim kindred with himself, and most of the noble families in Europe. She was very useful to my wife in letting her know the fashions; and with her assistance, Mrs. Dy-soon contrived to fill I don't know how many band-boxes and trunks, which, however, luckily for me grew to such a magnitude, as to require half a ship's room to convey them; and so they were sent down to Scotland by sea. As for the Colonel, he was indefatigable in his attentions, and breakfasted, dined, and supped with us almost every day. Indeed, we were the more dependent on his company, as we were disappointed in getting into any other during our five or six weeks stay in town. We never could find any of our Harrowgate acquaintance at home; even the Dumplin family we saw but for two short morning calls at our lodgings; Sir David, indeed, muttered something about our eating a bit of mutton with him; but Lady Dumplin said she was sorry to say that that would be very *ill-convenient* at their present house, which they were just about changing for one in Bedford-square, where she hoped for the honour of our company at her first rout, which was to be held the 5th of Jan. next. They told us the town was quite empty at the season when we were there; but I am sure there was noise and bustle enough of all conscience; carts rumbling, coaches rattling, criers bawling, and bells ringing, from morning to night, and sometimes, as my poor head felt, all night too. My wife, however, luckily found it very dull, otherwise we should not probably have left it so soon as we did, though not before it had cost us some hundreds of guineas to find out that there was nothing in it worth seeing.

Colonel O'Shannon carried us to some sights such as they were; he shewed us the Tower, St. Paul's, Bedlam, and the three Bridges; took us to the city Pantheon, the Dog and Duck, and the Swearing-house at Highgate. As for genteel company, he regretted exceedingly that almost all his acquaintance were in the country; but promised that when we came again he would introduce us to a Director of the Bank, a Lord of the Treasury, and the Master-general of the Ordnance, which last, he assured us, had a very particular friendship for him; but, in his absence, he made us acquainted with a young gentleman, who, he said, was one of that great man's first favourites, and a secretary in his office; an appointment which the Colonel had procured for him. My wife was very solicitous to cultivate Mr. M'Phelim's acquaintance, on account of two nephews of hers who are in the army, to whom the Colonel and he have promised their interest; and we have the greater reason to rely on their friendship, as the Colonel and his friend did us the honour of accepting a loan of 200l. from me (which Mr. M'Phelim wanted to make up a sum in the absence of the Master-general of the Ordnance) on their joint security.

Not long after this transaction we left London, and I found it some comfort, after all my distresses and disturbances, to find myself again safe and sound in my native country. Not that I am free of the disquiet of my journey; it rings in my ears still in the narration of my wife, who has such talents for description, that, if I had not witnessed the circumstances, I should have supposed Sir D. Dumplin to be a Knight of the Garter, Colonel O'Shannon a Lieutenant-general, and his friend Mr. M'Phelim a Privy-counsellor. She makes all our acquaintance take notice how much better I am for Harrowgate,

though, in fact, I never drank a drop of the water, and, except the company of Mrs. Rasp, took no sort of drug whatever. I must confess, however, that I am no worse on the whole, and am not near so much afraid of dying as before I was married. I am, &c.

JEREMIAH DY-SOON.

J

N°46. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1785.

My Readers may have observed that the office of the Lounger has of late been almost a sinecure, his correspondents having saved him the trouble of composition. The paper of to-day is also a communication, which, from the sex and accomplishments of the author, as well as the flattering manner in which she expresses herself, gratifies my vanity as much as my indolence.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

The genteel but pointed irony with which you mention the follies of our sex, and the pains you take, in your admired Essays, for our instruction and improvement, will, I make no doubt, have some influence on the minds of those who are thoughtless, but not dissipated; and who, though hurried down the

stream of pleasure, are not yet enough hardened to disregard the admonitions of virtue.

Among young people of this description, many ladies may be led to the attainment of mental accomplishments, in hopes of recommending themselves to the notice of the other sex; who, from their superior education and more solid judgment, would, one might presume, be more guided by the dictates of good sense, than led by the blind caprices of Fashion. But methinks, Sir, it would not be altogether fair to mislead your inexperienced female readers with such fallacious hopes. Tell them as much as you please of the internal rewards that belong to virtue: that to embellish, in early life, their minds with taste, and to enlighten their understandings with some degree of knowledge, will prove to them an inexhaustible source of delight in the lonely hours of solitude, and procure veneration and respect to their declining years. But let them know, that, on the fine fellows who, in our days, deign to mingle in the female world, such accomplishments will have as much influence, as the harmonious compositions of Handel on the deaf pupils of Mr. Braidwood.

To be distinguished by your sex, is more or less the wish of every female heart. To solicit that distinction, Fancy is put to the torture to dress out the votaries of Fashion; and, to deserve it, the more judicious endeavour to adorn their minds with knowledge, taste, and sentiment. Which of these most frequently attain their end, you, Sir, who frequent the circles of the great and gay, can be at no loss to determine.

As I was early taught to mark the characters, and make reflections on the events that passed before me in life, short as that life has been, and few and simple as have been its tranquil scenes, perhaps a ſketch of it may not be altogether unworthy your perusal.

I am the daughter of a clergyman, whose virtues adorn humanity, and whose character, in every respect, does honour to his profession. A long attachment had subsisted between him and my mother, before the pride of her relations (who piqued themselves on their high descent) would consent to her being made happy for ever by an union with one whom those relations considered as her inferior: but the constancy of their affection at length subdued every obstacle; and their life has ever since been one continued scene of domestic felicity. As I was their only child, my education was the prime object of their attention. To procure me the more elegant accomplishments, they appropriated the savings of their œconomy; while, with the tenderest solicitude, they themselves endeavoured to form my manners, to cultivate my understanding, and to cherish the virtues of my heart.

The friendly terms on which we lived with the patron of our parish, whose lady took a particular liking to me, gave me frequent opportunities of mixing with polite company. The natural gaiety of my temper, and steady sincerity of my heart, gained me the good will of all my companions; with some of whom I early contracted the most tender friendship,—a friendship which has increased with our increasing years, and received strength from every incident of pain or pleasure that has befallen us in life.

By the gentlemen, I found myself almost invariably treated according to their ideas of my rank and consequence. Of all the numbers who came to Castle ——, excepting an old naval officer, many traits of whose character, though cast in somewhat of a rougher mould, bore a strong resemblance to that of your worthy friend Colonel Caustic, I do not remember to have met with one who thought it possible the daughter of a country parson could be as well informed

upon any subject as the heiress of a Baronet; and after I have, by Lady ——'s desire, played on her forte piano, some of the finest concertos of Bach and Abel to an unlistening audience, I have heard the same gentlemen applaud, with every mark of rapture, the fashionable Miss Fanny Flirter rattling over some insipid fragment of a new opera tune.

At the earnest solicitation of a sister of my father's, married to a respectable merchant in the capital, I one winter spent a few months with her in town. I had here a more ample opportunity of observing that universal passion for what is called *style* in life, than I had hitherto met with. The notice taken of me by our patroness Lady ———, who always passed the winter in the metropolis, and to whose parties, either at home or at public places, I had a general invitation, made me esteemed quite the *ton* by the set of men who visited my uncle. I was often distressed by their civilities, and put out of countenance by their eagerness to show me attention; while by the gentlemen in her Ladyship's suite I was considered of no more importance than any other piece of furniture in the drawing-room: but, like yourself, Sir, though silent, I was not always idle; and, while unthought of, and unspoke to, made such remarks on the scene before me, as I hope will be of service to me through life.

From Edinburgh, at the request of my mother's relations, I went to the county of ——. These great relations had taken no notice of her since her marriage, but now received me in the most cordial manner. I was immediately introduced by them to their acquaintances in a genteel and populous neighbourhood, and was every where received with the respect due to the ally, and, what is more, the very probable heiress of an ancient and wealthy family. Wherever I appeared, I was loaded with caresses.

A gentleman of the first distinction engaged me for his partner at an election ball, which happened soon after my arrival in the country; and the attention paid me by him, and a few others of equal rank, soon brought me completely into fashion. I was now discovered to possess qualifications which no one before had ever thought of imputing to me. My former friends had indeed sometimes complimented me with the appellation of a lively sensible enough sort of girl; but now, to all the charms of elegance in manner, I added those of the most brilliant wit; and though it was allowed I could not, strictly speaking, be termed handsome, yet my features spoke such animation, and my eyes beamed with so much sensibility, that Beauty herself would have had but little chance beside me. Was it any wonder, that every latent spark of vanity in my heart should have been kindled, on thus finding myself a distinguished figure in a scene of higher life than any I had yet witnessed? I was, alas! but too soon intoxicated with the adulation I received; and with the most poignant regret I took leave of people, who I thought had discovered such just discernment of merit, although it was to return to the fond arms of my beloved parents.

The flattering scenes I had left had made too deep impression to be easily erased. I found the amusements of my former life had become insipid, its employments irksome and fatiguing; and, as our great neighbours were now in London, I had little opportunity of diverting my chagrin by any change of company. It was even with difficulty I was prevailed on to accompany my most intimate friend to the county-assembly, as I knew I should there find myself in a very different situation to that in which I figured at the balls in ——. But what was my delight, on soon seeing enter the assembly room, along

with a family of the first rank, two of my most intimate acquaintances in that loved county! As both the gentlemen had *there* honoured me with their particular attention, my heart beat with rapture at the idea of what delight they must receive from this unexpected interview. But I soon found these gentlemen wisely considered that I now moved in a different sphere. They avoided seeming to observe me as long as possible; and when at length obliged to do it, passed their compliments with a certain careless air, which may not improperly be styled a well-bred sort of incivility. A moment's reflection on this little striking incident restored me to my senses; and I returned home with the most cheerful alacrity, as to the certain asylum of happiness and tranquillity.

In a little time after I had thus recovered from the delirium of flattery and folly, our society received a considerable acquisition in our acquaintance with Dorilas. This gentleman, who had lately come to the country in pursuit of health and rural amusements, was first noticed by my father for his regular attendance at church; and, by the politeness of his manners, and solidity of his conversation, soon recommended himself to his particular regard. He appeared to be one of those favourites of Nature, whom she has endowed with her best gifts, a good understanding, and a benevolent heart. His mind seemed enlightened by science, enlarged by a knowledge of the world, and, we were told, had been softened by the correcting hand of misfortune. He came frequently to the parsonage house, to which he had at all times a general invitation, and where he was ever welcomed by the unaffected kindness of plain, but genuine hospitality. As Dorilas seemed to pique himself on his retirement from the more dissipated scenes of life, he always appeared pleased with our rural simplicity; but no sooner did Dorilas

get intimately acquainted with the families of higher rank, and found himself established in a circle of greater *style*, than he omitted his visits at the parsonage-house, and even mentioned its inhabitants with that sort of contemptuous ridicule, which, though it may be a very fashionable *maniere de parler*, gives a deeper wound to the feelings than the envenomed sting of calumny can inflict. We were all hurt at being thus disappointed in a character of which we had formed so high an idea; and when on a visit to my friend at the county-town, I accidentally met with Dorilas, I found it impossible to conceal the resentment with which his conduct had inspired me. But when I saw his surprise at the apparent coldness of my manner, I began to reflect, that, should we be mistaken, or misinformed, I might, by my seeming caprice, have done an injury to feelings, perhaps no less delicately susceptible of it than my own. I therefore resolved to acquaint him with what we had heard, and frankly to tell him our opinion of his behaviour; but in the only opportunity that ever after offered, I was so embarrassed by the stately distance of his manner, and the difficulty of introducing the subject with becoming delicacy and spirit, that I found it impossible to fulfil my intention. The little conversation that passed only served him with a pretence to put an entire end to our acquaintance; and, in six months after, Dorilas set out on a gay party to the German Spa, without deigning to inquire even for my father.

Such is the incense offered at the shrine of Fashion! not only by the vain and giddy, but even by the sentimental and judicious! and such the attentions people who shine not in that brilliant sphere may expect to meet with in the world! But happy! thrice happy they! according to the wise maxims of my venerable parent, who are endowed with that

true greatness of mind, which can look down with equal indifference on the soothing praise of flattery, or the scornful sneer of pride; who, independent of the favour of the fickle, and the regards of the inconstant, derive a happiness from the humble consciousness of superior virtue, that infinitely transcends all which the world can bestow.

Afraid of having already too long trespassed on your patience, I now hasten to conclude, with assuring you how much I am

Your admiring reader,

ALMERIA.

N° 47. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1785.

HERODOTUS tells us, that Amasis king of Egypt established a law, commanding, that every Egyptian should annually declare, before the governor of the province, by what means he maintained himself; which if he omitted to do, or if, on such examination, he gave not a satisfactory account of his way of living, he should be punished with death.

Happening to meet with this passage one night lately, it suggested some ideas as to the wisdom of such an institution, and I amused myself for half an hour before I went to bed with reflecting on the effects it might have, if introduced into this island. These thoughts recurred in my sleep, and produced a dream, of which I shall endeavour to give some account, after premising that, when I awaked in the morning, it was some time before I could with certainty determine whether my imagination had tran-

sported me to Egypt, or if the objects it had presented to my view in my sleep were the consequence of the promulgation of a similar law in our country.

Upon the appointed day, I fancied that I accompanied the whole inhabitants of the province to the palace of the governor. On our arrival we were shewn into a hall of vast extent, at one end of which, on something like a throne, sat the governor, surrounded by clerks, whose business it was to take down the account which every person in his turn should give. Silence being proclaimed, we were directed to approach the throne one by one, in a certain order, to give an account of our way of *living*, and to say by what means each of us maintained himself. This summons appeared the more awful, that the law of Amasis, like many other good institutions, had been allowed to go into disuse, and, after being neglected for ages, was now revived on account of some recent enormities, which called forth the attention of government. I fancied too, that the law was so far altered, that, instead of death in all cases, the governor was authorised to inflict such punishment upon delinquents as their offences should seem to merit.

The first whose lot it was to answer the awful question, was a handsome young man clothed in a garment of bright scarlet embroidered with gold. He approached the throne with an assured countenance, and, with a look of self-approbation, informed the governor, that he lived by the most honourable of all professions; that his sole business was to kill and destroy his own species, to butcher men who had never injured him, whom perhaps he had never seen before, or for whom he entertained the highest esteem and regard. For doing this, said he, my country gives me a daily allowance, on which I live with ease and comfort.

At this account I observed a momentary blush to cross the face of the governor. He dismissed the young man with a look in which I could discern marks of dissatisfaction, not with the individual before his eyes, but with those absurd and unjust measures of government which were supposed to make such institutions necessary.

The officer was succeeded by a young man still more gaily dressed. As he approached the throne, I could perceive in his countenance marks of anxiety and apprehension, which he seemed desirous to conceal by an appearance of ease and indifference. When the usual questions were put to him, he hesitated for some time; but at length was obliged to declare, that he was the son of an honest and industrious tradesman; that, despising the occupation of his father, he left his house, and removed to Memphis, where, by the splendour of his appearance, he contrived to get into the society of persons of high distinction; and that he supported the expence of this mode of life, by playing with those persons for large sums of money at games, in which, by much labour and constant attention, he had attained a superior degree of excellence. The governor having heard him to an end, sentenced the unfortunate youth to be sent back to the house of his father, to assist him in his labour. The father, who was present in the hall, at the same time received orders to keep his son in close confinement, till he had acquired a habit of application, and a sufficient degree of skill in the business to which he was now to apply himself.

He was followed by a person not unlike him in manner and appearance, though somewhat more advanced in years. The account this person gave of himself was nearly in these words: "I was born to an independent fortune, to which I succeeded at the age of eighteen by the death of my father. From

that moment, my sole object was the enjoyment of my fortune, of which I thought I should never be able to see an end. I joined in every party of pleasure, and indulged in every species of expensive dissipation. At the end of seven years, I found my fortune gone, and the only comfort that remained for me was, that I had spent it in a manner suitable to my rank, and in the society of the first and noblest persons in Egypt. Happily for me, those great persons conceived that it would be unbecoming to expose one who had passed so many hours in their company, to poverty and want; at the same time they justly considered, that it might degrade a person who could boast of once having been their equal and companion, to subsist on the bounty of private individuals. They therefore humbly besought our mighty sovereign, to bestow upon me an office at once honourable and lucrative. To this request he was pleased to lend a favourable ear. The emoluments of my office are considerable; but I am obliged to give a portion of them to a creature who performs the duties of it, and upon the remainder I can still afford to live in luxury not much inferior to that of my former opulence."—Upon hearing this account, the governor inquired into the character of the deputy, and finding he was a worthy and respectable citizen, who had long done the business of a laborious and an important office for the small pittance allowed him by the gentleman before him, he pronounced a sentence which to me appeared highly equitable. He ordered, that the deputy should in future draw the whole emoluments, paying only to the principal the same allowance which formerly the deputy had received.

The next person who approached the throne, addressed the governor with an unembarrassed and a steady countenance in the following words: "By

some fortunate circumstances," said he, "I was early in life introduced into the society of many persons of the first distinction. At their tables I acquired a taste for good living, which I came to consider as the first of all enjoyments; but possessing no fortune, this passion might have proved a curse instead of a blessing, had I not happily discovered a method of gratifying it, at once easy and agreeable. By my intercourse with the great, I soon discovered that it was in my power to give, in return for the dainties of their table, something which to them was more precious, while it cost me nothing. At the board of Sethos, I harangue in praise of learning and learned men, well knowing that, amidst all his opulence and splendour, the chief ambition of Sethos is to be considered as a man of letters. At the elegant repasts of Osoroth, I join him in declaiming against the luxury of modern times; while each of his company, with equal solicitude, looks around for some new delicacy to provoke a satiated appetite. At the house of the rich Susennes, whose vanity lies in the splendour of his entertainments, and in the excellence of his table, I openly praise every dish that is served up, and tell Susennes, that his wine of Persia is the finest in the world, and that his gardens produce fruits of unrivalled excellence. In this vocation or calling of mine, as it may be termed, there is one circumstance which, it must be confessed, is sometimes a little unpleasant. When at the table of one great friend I happen to deliver sentiments and opinions diametrically opposite to those I had supported the day before at another place, a pert visitor may be so rude as to remark this sudden change, or by a broad grin to show that it has not passed unobserved. But nevertheless," continued he, "I contrive to live happily, and to enjoy all the advantages of a great fortune, without the trouble and embar-

rassment of it."—Live then," said the governor, with a look of ineffable contempt, "if you can submit to live on such terms."

Upon the removal of this gentleman, there appeared a tall, thin, meagre figure, which stalked up with wonderful dignity to the presence of the governor, and thus addressed him: "I am the representative of the noblest and most ancient family in Egypt. My forefathers were the companions of the victories of Sesostris and Semiramis. It is true, that owing to the princely generosity of my great ancestors, I am at present obliged to honour some wealthy inhabitants of this province, so far as to receive from them the means of subsistence. Emboldened, perhaps, by this circumstance, one of those persons lately presumed to ask my daughter in marriage, telling me that their hearts had long been united by every tie of the most tender affection. But I drove the vile plebeian from my presence; and, had I not been prevented, would have sacrificed him to my just indignation."

At the close of this narrative, the governor hesitated for a moment, and then ordered the guards to conduct this noble personage to the hospital set apart for the reception of lunatics.

A gentleman, whose train and whose appearance bespoke his consequence, now approached the throne, with a look and manner polished at the same time and assured. "I presume," said he to the governor, "you are not unacquainted with the name of Zoroes. In that council which the wisdom of our sovereign has established for the government of his Ethiopian dominions, I hold a distinguished place; a situation which I owe to my own talents, having neither the influence of hereditary wealth, nor the pride of illustrious ancestry, to support me. But in the college of the priests at Memphis, I was early

taught qualities by which to compensate the want of those advantages; penetration to discover the weaknesses, and pliancy to conciliate the affections, of men. In that seminary likewise I acquired a power of eloquence to lead the passions, a subtlety of argument to confound the judgment. Endowed with such accomplishments, I obtained a seat in that council, which by the superiority of my talents I have since been enabled to guide. Amidst the divisions with which that council has been agitated, amidst the factions with which our province has been torn, the art of Zoroes has drawn from those divisions and those factions his power and his emoluments: he has wielded to his purposes the furious zeal of the multitude, and the jarring interests of their leaders; and has risen, by his command over the fluctuating opinions of mankind, to rank, to office, and to wealth."—The governor looked sternly at him, and his face reddened with indignation: "I am not indeed," said he, "a stranger to the name of Zoroes; I have heard of such a man, who lives on the mischiefs of faction, who foments divisions that he may increase his own consequence, and creates parties that he may guide them in the blindness of their course; who sows public contention that he may reap private advantage, and thrives amidst the storms that wreck the peace of his country." He gave the signal to the guards, who hurried Zoroes to his fate. His punishment was cruel, but somewhat analogous to his character and his crimes. He was exposed in an island of the Nile to the crocodiles that inhabit it.

After witnessing this disagreeable exercise of justice, it was with pleasure I beheld a beautiful female, dressed with equal elegance and splendour, tripping towards the throne, and seemingly pleased with the admiration of the surrounding multitude.

In a sweet accent, though with a manner rather infantine, she informed the governor, that some months ago she had married a man of fourscore, who had nothing to recommend him but his immense wealth, of which she previously stipulated, that she should have the absolute disposal. "You see," said she, "the use I make of it. These jewels are esteemed the finest in the province; and I hope soon to possess a set still more precious." The governor, without hearing more of her prattle, pronounced a sentence which I confess I thought somewhat severe. He ordered her to be stript of all her costly ornaments, and to be sent home in a plain garment to the house of her husband, with instructions, that, during the remainder of his days, she should be constrained to live constantly with him, and permitted to see no other company whatever.

While I was commiserating the hard fate of the fair unfortunate, the crier pronounced my own name, in a deep and hollow tone of voice. This alarmed me so much, that I awaked in no small consternation, and was very well pleased to find myself quietly in my own bed in the good town of Edinburgh. Of all men living, a Lounger must ever be the most puzzled to give an account of his life, conversation, and mode of living; and therefore, however wise the law of Amasis may be, I fairly own that I was happy to find I was not subject to it.

M

N°48. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1785.

Discipulus est prioris posterior dies. SEN.

THE Lounger having now "rounded one revolving year," may consider himself as an acquaintance of some standing with his readers, and, at this period of gratulations, may venture to pay them the compliments of the season with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendship. In the life of a periodical Essayist, a twelvemonth is a considerable age. That part of the world in which his subject lies, he has then had an opportunity of viewing in all its different situations; he has seen it in the hurry of business, in the heyday of amusement, in the quiet of the country; and he now attends it in its course of Christmas festivity and holiday merriment.

Yet I know not how it is, that amidst the gratulations and festivity of this returning season, I am sometimes disposed to hear the one, and partake the other, with a certain seriousness of mind not well suited to the vacancy of the time; to look on the jollity around me with an eye of thought, and to impress, in my imagination, a tone of melancholy on the voices that wish me many happy years.

As men advance in life, the great divisions of time may indeed furnish matter for serious reflection, as he who counts the money he has spent, naturally thinks of how much a smaller sum he has left behind. Yet, for my own part, it is less from anxiety about what remains of time, than from the remembrance of that which is gone, that I am led into this "mood of pensiveness." In my hours of thoughtful indo-

lence, I am not apt to conjure up phantoms of the future; 'tis with a milder sort of melancholy that I sometimes indulge in recalling the shades of the past. To this perhaps the Lounger's manner and habits of life naturally incline him. To him leisure gives frequent occasion to review his time, and to compare his thoughts. By the Lounger a few ideas, natural and congenial to his mind, are traced through all their connections; while the man of professional industry and active pursuit has many that press upon him in succession, and are quickly dismissed. He who lives in a crowd gains an extensive acquaintance but little intimacy; the man who possesses but a few friends, enjoys them much, and thinks of them often.

Time mellows ideas as it mellows wine.——Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance or feeling, rise up to our memory dignified at the same time and endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects, to which when present we gave but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, the ties which they had on the heart are drawn still closer, and we recal them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects of the immediate time are unable to excite. The ghosts of our departed affections are seen through that softening medium, which, though it dims their brightness, does not impair their attraction; like the shade of *Dido* appearing to *Æneas*,

> " Agnovitque per umbram
> " Obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
> " Aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam;
> " Demisit lacrymas, dulcique affatus amore est."

The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often listened; the course of a brook which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruins of an ancient building which we remember almost entire; these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures, the business, the ambition of the present moment fade and disappear.

Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than moral to the mind. Of this tender power which remembrance has over us, several uses might be made; this divinity of memory, did we worship it aright, might lend its aid to our happiness as well as to our virtue.

An amiable and ingenious philosopher has remarked, that in castle-building no man is a villain*. In like manner it may perhaps be pronounced that every man is virtuous in recollection; he rests with peculiar satisfaction on the remembrance of such actions as are most congenial to the better parts of his nature, on such pleasures as were innocent, on such designs as were laudable. It were well if, amidst the ardor of pursuit, or the hopes of gratification, we sometimes considered that the present will be future, as well as that the future will be present, that we anticipated reflection as well as enjoyment. Not only in those greater and more important concerns, which are what Shakspeare calls 'Stuff o' the conscience,' but in the lesser and more trivial offices of life, we should be more apt to conduct ourselves aright, did we think that we were one day to read the drama in which we now perform, and that of ourselves, and the other personages of the scene, we were to judge with a critical severity.

* Dr. Reid, in his 'Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man.'

This indulgence of memory, this review of time, would blunt the angry and discordant passions that often prey on our own quiet as well as on the peace of others. Scarce any man is so hard of heart as to feel himself an enemy over the grave of his foe; and the remembrance of contests, however just, with those who are now no more, comes across an ingenuous mind with a sort of self-accusation. The progress of time, though it may not have swept our adversaries from the earth, will probably have placed both them and us in circumstances such as to allay, if not extinguish our resentment. Prosperity to us, or misfortunes to them, may have soothed our anger into quiet, or softened it to pity. The lessons of Time may have taught us, what Wisdom or Prudence once preached to us in vain, that the object of our contention was not worth the struggle of the contest, that we mistook the value of the prize, or did injustice to the motives of our competitors; or perhaps we have altered those sentiments in which we were formerly so warm, and forsaken those tenets we were once so positive to maintain. The hand of Time, imperceptible in its touch, steals the colour from our opinions; and like those who look on faded pictures, we wonder at having formerly been struck with their force.

Though it is wisely ordered by Providence, that we should not pause in the pursuits of life to think of its shortness, or undervalue every attainment from the uncertainty of its duration when attained; yet such a consideration may fairly enough mitigate a blameable eagerness in the chace, or a blameable depression from its disappointment. I was very well pleased with the philosophy of an old soldier, whom I once met with in the environs of London, leaning on a crutch, and rather accepting than soliciting the aid of the charitable. He told me, not without some importunity on my part, the

hardships and the dangers he had encountered; the number of his campaigns, the obstinacy of his engagements, the length of his sieges; 'yet I failed in getting Chelsea,' said he, 'because I was rendered incapable of the service in consequence of a rheumatism contracted in a winter encampment; and, more than all that, because my wife, somehow or other, had disobliged my commanding officer. But I forget and forgive, as the saying is; and, thanks to such as your Honour, I can make shift to live. It is true, I have seen others get halberts, ay, and commissions too, that were not better men than myself;—but that don't signify. *It will be all the same an hundred years hence.*' Without all the happy Stoicism of the soldier, we may often sooth the pangs of envy, and the pinings of discontent, by the consideration of that period, when they shall cease to disquiet, when time shall have unplumed the pageantry of grandeur, narrowed the domains of wealth, and withered the arm of power.

Nor will this philosophy of time convey a less important lesson to the successful than to the unfortunate. It will moderate the luxurious indulgence of the rich, and restrain the wanton or useless exertions of the powerful. Every one who can look back on a moderately long life, will remember a succession of envied possessors of wealth and influence, whose luxury a thousand flatterers were wishing to share, whose favour a crowd of dependents were striving to obtain. Let those who now occupy their place attend to the effects of that wealth enjoyed, of those favours bestowed. Let them cast up the sum of pleasure which was produced by the one, of gratitude or self-satisfaction procured by the other. If there are any whom elevation has made giddy, or power rendered insolent, let them think how long that elevation can endure, how far that power can

extend: let them consider in how short a space the influence of their predecessors has ceased to be felt, how soon their appointments have made room for the appointments of others; how few of their dependents and favourites survive, and of those few how very small a part acknowledge their benefactor. If some of the actions of such eminent persons there are which the world still remembers with approbation and individuals own with gratitude; they are probably such as, in this review of the past, it will be useful for their successors to observe and to imitate. Those have obtained a victory over time, which is the noblest excitement and animation to virtue; that honest fame of which the consciousness gives its highest enjoyment to the present, which the future can neither reproach nor overcome.

Z

N°49. SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1786.

No subject tends to throw more light on the history of mankind, or their progress in the different situations of society, than their public amusements, or the state of those arts which contribute to their entertainment.

Comedy, which consists in the dramatic representation of human characters in a ridiculous point of view, makes a distinguished figure among the amusements of mankind. The following reflections are thrown together on the history of Comedy, as they may afford some useful observations on the progress of manners and of arts, as well as introduce a continuation

of the remarks I formerly made on the moral effects of the drama.

The first and original method in which Ridicule exercised itself in dramatic representation appears to have consisted, not so much in giving a view of the character of the person to be exhibited on the stage, as in representing a particular individual in a ludicrous situation. To point out the feelings of the character,—to represent the turn of mind,—to display the humour or internal features of the man, was not so much the object, as to bring the person himself on the stage, and to raise ridicule in the audience, by making him commit some action absurd, droll, out of place, or inconsistent. A man respected for dignity, and in a reputable situation, is brought upon the stage, not to exhibit his dignity as false and affected, not to represent the real or internal feelings of his mind, or to point out those features by which his assumed character may be exposed, but merely with a view to make him commit some absurd or mean action, inconsistent with the gravity and respectable tenor of his usual conduct.

Such is the exhibition of Aristophanes's Socrates. No history of human character is given, no displayof the character of Socrates in particular; nor is any principle or feature of his mind represented. The author confines himself singly to making Socrates do things upon the stage unworthy of himself, or of his character; and the audience is entertained with the contrast, is amused with this performance of mean or little actions by a man of a grave and serious deportment. The ridicule in this case does not give a view of the character, but is confined to the joke arising from the action performed, compared with that of the man who performs it. Socrates is not made ridiculous by doing what is like, but what is unlike himself.

This observation needs not be confined to the Clouds of Aristophanes, but may be farther extended, and appears indeed to comprehend the general characteristic of all early Comedies, written or represented before people have arrived at a great degree of refinement.

It is not difficult to assign the reason for this being the general characteristic of early Comedies.

Men in an early age are not reasoners.——The bulk of the people at least are not accustomed to make general conclusions and reflections on human character. They would not therefore be amused by general exhibitions of character, by Comedies which represented actions as displaying only the internal features and original causes of human conduct. Such an exhibition would not be adapted to their taste, or the state of their minds. The rude representation of a particular person, who does actions absurd in themselves, or absurd in him to perform, is the only thing which can produce their laughter, or afford them a comic entertainment.

Men in an early age, who have not made much progress in refinement, will receive a peculiar pleasure in seeing the character of an individual, of a person known to themselves, exhibited on the stage; whereas, when men advance in refinement, they will come to feel uneasy at this representation of real characters; their delicacy will be shocked at the exhibition of so coarse an entertainment, and something of a purer kind will be substituted in its room. Hence what was called the *middle Comedy* was substituted among the Greeks in place of the *old*. The *middle Comedy* was less coarse than the *old*, because the *old* represented real persons on the stage, under their real names; in the *middle*, feigned names were given to the real persons; but this improvement soon gave way to a much higher one, the *new Comedy*,

where both real names and real living persons were banished from the stage.

Should it be said, that at the time Aristophanes wrote, the Greeks were in a state of great advancement, were a learned and intelligent people; and that therefore Aristophanes should not be given as an example of a comic author in an early and unrefined period; it may be observed, that though the Greeks were certainly in the time of Aristophanes a very wise people, and possessed of the most eloquent and philosophical writers, yet at that time the Athenians were remarkably deficient in delicacy and politeness. Perhaps in so violent and turbulent a democracy as that of Athens, the people, amidst the acrimony of debate and rude contests of ambition, remain long in a state of barbarism as to manners. This has been observed, and endeavoured to be accounted for by several ingenious authors; one* of whom indeed cites, as an instance of it, this very circumstance of the amusement which the Athenians found in the lowest species of comedy. 'They were so little judges,' says he, 'of propriety in wit and humour, as to relish the low ribaldry of an Aristophanes, at a period when they were entertained with the sublime eloquence of a Demosthenes, with the pathetic compositions of an Euripides or a Sophocles.'

As the body of the people, however, advance in refinement or delicacy, this ancient species of Comedy, as it did among the Greeks, will come to give disgust instead of entertainment.

Comic authors will then betake themselves to a different species of writing; and the next step seems to be, instead of the exhibition of a particular person, to give the history of some general passion, affection, or principle of the human mind. The bulk of men who frequent public places of amusement,

* Miller on the Origin of the Distinction of Ranks.

have then attained such a degree of improvement, by experience and reflection, as to relish a general representation of the history of the human heart in trying and interesting scenes; and hence views of characters in those situations will be relished and understood.

When this species of writing, however, first begins, the representations of character that are given will be confined to the more general views of the human mind, acting under the influence of some one leading principle. The nice features of that principle, the small deviations to which it is subject, its various combinations with other principles, or its discriminations arising from peculiar circumstances of situation or of habit, will not be attended to or held out to view. Before men go into particulars, they must be well acquainted with what is general; before they consider the nice, they must be intimate with the gross features.

Hence our early but improved writers, not only of Comedy, but of every species of writing which represents characters, give only general representations. The ambitious, the envious, the avaricious man, is represented under the dominion of his guiding principle, but the nicer features of the principle are not delineated.—Theophrastus wrote at a period of less delicacy, and when minute proprieties were less attended to, than La Bruyere; the characters therefore of the first are more general and less nice than of the latter.

Of all writers, indeed, the French seem to have paid most attention to the small and minute views of character, and to the different properties of life and manners. Living in an age of refinement and politeness, under a monarchical government, where the *agreeable* are the qualities which conduce to advancement, the elegant and recommendatory virtues are

chiefly cultivated. A new species of morals, unknown and unattended to among the ancients, the term for which, *petites morales*, cannot even be translated into our language, has been introduced, and has become a principal object both in conduct and philosophy. Hence the nice perception which French authors have of all the delicate discriminations of character; hence their observance of all the deviations from what is becoming; and hence their talent of describing and representing all the proprieties and improprieties of human conduct. The English writers in general may be possessed of more metaphysical profoundness; but they have not the same lively talent at describing manners, nor the same delicate observation of the different tints and colourings in which they appear.

At the same time it may be observed, that even in Britain some authors have appeared, who have excelled in giving minute pictures of manners, and of the nice features of character. Of these Addison and Sterne may be mentioned as holding a distinguished place.

This is the last improvement which arises in the representation of human characters; when not only their general features, under certain great classes, are exhibited, but when writers descend to, and are able at the same time to point out the smaller discriminations into which those general classes subdivide themselves, and appear in different men. When characters are represented in this manner, the writing of Comedy is at its perfection; and as the moderns seem to have possessed more of this talent than the ancients, so the comedies of the former seem to excel those of the latter. The ancient comedies contain only the general characters of men and manners, young rakes, old men, parasites, lovers, slaves: but every old man is the same, every young rake is like

every other rake; their pursuits are without distinction; and their slaves have no other discrimination, than that the one half of them are old, faithful, trusty servants, and the other half lying, plotting, witty rascals.

It may, however, be observed, that this species of writing, in which the moderns have so greatly excelled, is much exposed to corruption and abuse. While the ancient manner of drawing characters is defective, by being too general, there is danger lest this other species become faulty, by being too particular. Men attentive to represent the minute lines, may neglect the more important, and, instead of representing a character which belongs to human kind, they may come to represent only those particular characters which distinguish individuals. Instead of comedies of nature, they may give comedies of manners, fleeting, volatile, uncertain, and as impossible to be reduced to rule as the flimsy modes of fashion. Thus, according to the phrase, that *extremes always agree*, it may happen that the last improvement in Comedy may degenerate into that very abuse for which the rudest and most ancient may be censured. Particular persons may come to be represented on the stage instead of general characters. Something of this kind was some time ago introduced on the English stage; though it may be observed, that this mode of writing owed its success more to the mimic qualities of its author, than to its being approved of by the taste of the audience.

But this is not the only thing to be feared from men's giving minute attention to the smaller parts of character; there is also a danger of its having an improper effect on their own character and conduct. When their attention is chiefly bestowed on the little parts of conduct, they may come to neglect or overlook the greater. Manner may be put in the place

of substance; and what is frivolous may be preferred to what is manly. As this species of corruption may be considered as the greatest in literary composition, so it is most certainly the greatest in morals. When what is trifling is only regarded, there never can be any splendid exertions of genius, there never can be any real greatness of character. All sublime and manly efforts will be at an end; all noble exertions in the field, and all genuine eloquence in the senate, will be extinguished. Our battles will be bloodless, and in our speeches prettiness will be preferred to simplicity and force. 'Tis the leading object in a late series of Letters on Education, to represent the manner of doing a thing as preferable to the thing itself; to point out the frivolous and exterior accomplishments, the graces, as a surer road to advancement, than truth, integrity, or a spirit of independence, than the possession of the greatest knowledge, or the exertion of the most illustrious talents.

A

N° 50. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1786.

'Tragedy (according to the ancient definition quoted in a former paper) purges the passions by exciting them.' Comedy wishes to purge vices and follies by Ridicule. In a corrupt age, reason is so weak as to be obliged to call in such allies to her assistance: let her beware that they do not, like the Saxon auxiliaries of our ancestors, usurp the government which they were called to defend.

In the earliest periods of life, ridicule is naturally employed against reason and propriety.——The child who obeys its mother, who is afraid of its governess, who will not be concerned in little plots to deceive both, is laughed at by its bolder and less scrupulous companions. At every age, reason and duty are grave and serious things, in which ridicule finds a contrast that renders her attack more easy, and her sallies more poignant.

The refinement of polished times, as was observed in the foregoing Number, does not allow them to find amusement in that gross ridicule which provokes the laughter of a ruder people. But from this very source their subjects of Comedy are often of a dangerous kind. They trench upon sacred ground; I mean not as to religion, but in morals; they paint those nicer shades of ridicule which are of an equivocal sort between virtue and vice, and often give the spectator leave to laugh, according to his own humour, either at the first or the latter.

In the *Ecole des Femmes* (and I shall hardly be reckoned unfair when I make the reference to *Moliere)* most of the maxims which *Arnolphe* makes *Agnes* read, are really good moral precepts, which a prudent wife would do well to follow, for her own sake as well as her husband's. There is just as much prudery and suspicion thrown into them, as to allow those who would wish to be less guarded than a good wife ought to be, to hold them in derision.

The *George Dandin* of the same author has been already criticised in this moral view by a very able writer. But he has not attended, say its defenders, to the proper moral of the piece; which is to correct a very common sort of weakness as well as of injustice, in old men of low birth and great wealth, who purchase alliance with decayed nobility, and are vain enough to imagine, that a wife, bought from her

necessities, or from the necessities of her family, is to love and respect the husband who has purchased her. But besides that this corrective is applied to the party who may be the weakest, but is certainly the least wicked of the two, such examples, conveyed through the medium of Comedy, are always more readily applied to those whom they may mislead, than to those whom they may reform. The images which Comedy presents, and the ridicule it excites, being almost always exaggerated, their resemblance to real life is only acknowledged by those whose weaknesses they flatter, whose passions they excuse. They who use the example of the scene for an apology, can easily twist it into that form; they who wish to escape its correction, easily discover the difference between the scenic situation and theirs. The *George Dandin*, and the *Cocu Imaginaire* of real life, neither meet with *Lubins* nor *Pictures* to abuse them; but the girl who thinks herself entitled to be the *Angelique* of the piece, will find no difficulty in discovering her good man to be a *Dandin*; she who wishes her husband to be blind, will never forget the prudent advice of *Sganarelle*.

'*Quand vous verriez tout, ne croyez jamais rien.*'

Harpagon is held up to detestation by Moliere, for the correction of the old, the avaricious, the usurer, whom the world proscribes, whom his children must hate for his criminal parsimony. Alas! misers and usurers neither read nor see comedies; but the young and the thoughtless are taught to call prudence and œconomy covetousness and avarice, to be dissipated and extravagant out of pure virtue.

In the *Cheats of Scapin*, the audience is always on the side of the rogue against the poor deluded and abused old man. It is so in all comic scenes of the kind, from the slaves of Terence down to the valets

of Moliere and Regnard. Ask any wise and discreet mother of a family, if she would allow her children to associate with the party-coloured gentlemen below stairs; she will tell you that it is of all things what she is at pains to avoid; because in their society her children would learn low manners, habits of cunning, of trick, and of falsehood. Yet you bring them into such company in the Comedies of the virtuous Moliere, where, if the valets are more clever and witty than those of ordinary life, they are only the more expert and agreeable rogues. We do not bring them into such society, you say; we only exhibit it to their view. But you shew them people of equal rank with themselves mixed with that society, profiting by those rogueries, applauding the invention which gives them birth. If the drama is to have any effect at all, its operation in this case must be unfavourable to truth and to virtue.

In Tragedy, this effect does not require exhibition to give it force; on the contrary, it is perhaps in the reading that it fastens most strongly on young and susceptible minds. The softer feelings, to which it addresses itself, are more accessible in solitude and silence than in society. It is otherwise with Comedy, ridicule operating more powerfully in company and in a crowd. There is besides no hero of a player equal to the hero of a Tragedy; but the handsome figure, the shewy garb, the assured countenance, the unembarrassed address, the easy negligence, of many a comedian, is fully equal to the character he is to represent. The fine gentleman of real life is a sort of comic actor. When we consider how much imitation, how much art, how much affectation, go to make up his part, we shall not wonder, if even those who have often seen such exhibitions, should sometimes mistake the player who personates for the character personated; but the young and the

unexperienced naturally transfer the brilliancy of the character to his mimic representative. This gives a double force to the dialogue of the piece, and affords, in the person of a pretty fellow of a player, a very winning apology for whatever is exceptionable in the character he performs.

In the observations I formerly made on the moral effects of Tragedy, I took notice of the consequences resulting from the almost uniform introduction of love, as the ruling motive of tragic action. To this objection Comedy is equally liable; but there is an additional circumstance in which it is still more objectionable than the other department of the drama. As love is the principal action, marriage is the constant end of Comedy. But the marriage of Comedy is generally of that sort which holds forth the worst example to the young; not an union the result of tried attachment, of sober preference, sanctified by virtue and by prudence. These are the matches which Comedy ridicules. Her marriages are the frolics of the moment, made on the acquaintance of a day, or of some casual encounter. In many comedies, amidst the difficulties of accomplishing the marriage on which the intrigue of the piece turns, and in the course of which its incidents are displayed, the restraints of parents and guardians are introduced only to be despised and out-witted; age, wisdom, experience, every thing, which a well-educated young person should respect and venerate, is made a jest of; pertness, impudence, falsehood, and dishonesty, triumph and laugh; the audience triumphs and laughs along with them; and it is not till within a few sentences of the conclusion, that the voice of morality is uttered, not heard. The interest of the play is then over, the company is arranging its departure; and if any one listens, 'tis but to observe how dull and common-place these reflections are. Virtue is thus

doubly degraded, both when she speaks and when she is silent.

The purity of the British Comedy in modern times, has been often contrasted with the drama of our forefathers, in those days of licentiousness and immorality when Wycherly and Congreve wrote for the rakes and libertines of a profligate court. I forbear to cite, in contradiction to this, the ribaldry with which, for some time past, our stage has been infested, in the form of Comic Operas and Burlettas, by which the laugh and the applause of Sadler's Wells and Bartholomew Fair have been drawn from the audiences of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. But I must observe, that in this comparative estimate no account has been taken of a kind of licentiousness in which some of our latest comedies have indulged, still more dangerous than the indelicacy of the last century: those sometimes violated decency, but these attack principle; those might put modesty to the blush, or contaminate the purity of innocence; but these shake the very foundations of morality, and would harden the mind against the sense of virtue.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the French stage, formerly so proud of its *bienseance*, should have, nearly at the same period with that of England, assumed the like pernicious licentiousness. Figaro, though a less witty, is as immoral a play as the School for Scandal.

Dramas of this pernicious sort arose upon the fashionable ridicule against what was called *Sentimental Comedy*, which it had become customary to decry, as subverting the very intention of that department of the stage, and usurping a name, from which the gravity of its precepts, and the seriousness of its incidents, should have excluded it. This judgment, however, seems to be founded neither on the

critical definition of Comedy, nor on the practice of its writers in those periods when it had attained its highest reputation. Menander and Terence wrote Comedies of Sentiment; nor does it seem easy to represent even follies naturally, without sometimes bringing before us the serious evils which they may produce, and the reflections which arise on their consequences.—Morality may no doubt be trite, and sentiment dull, in the hands of authors of little genius; but profligacy and libertinism will as often be silly as wicked, though, in the impudence with which they unfold themselves, there is frequently an air of smartness which passes for wit, and of assurance which looks like vivacity. The counterfeits, however, are not always detected at that time of life which is less afraid of being thought dissipated than dull, and by that rank which holds regularity and sobriety among the plebeian virtues. The people, indeed, are always true to virtue, and open to the impressions of virtuous sentiment. With the people, the comedies in which these are developed still remain favourites; and Corruption must have stretched its empire far indeed, when the applauses shall cease with which they are received.

V

N° 51. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I WAS much pleased with one of your late papers, published on the last day of last year, in which you suggested several uses that might be made of a recollection of past events, and of a proper consideration of the power of Time.

The neglect of the improvement of Time is an evil of which every moralist has complained, on which therefore it were presumption in me to attempt to enlarge. But without repeating what has been so often and so well said on its waste or its abuse, permit me to take notice of that forgetfulness of its progress, which affects the conduct and deportment of so many in the different relations of life. In matters of serious concern, we cannot violate the rights of Time without rendering ourselves unhappy; in objects of smaller importance, we cannot withdraw from its jurisdiction without making ourselves ridiculous. Its progress, however, is unfortunately very apt to be unnoticed by ourselves, to whom its daily motion is gradual and imperceptible; but by others it will hardly fail to be marked, and they will expect a behaviour suitable to the character it should stamp upon us.

How often do the old forget the period at which they are arrived, and keep up a behaviour suitable, or perhaps only excusable in that which they have long ago passed? We see every day sexagenary beaux, and grey-haired rakes, who mix with the gay

and the dissipated of the present time, and pride themselves on the want of that thought and seriousness which years alone, if not wisdom, should have taught them. This is the pitiful ambition of the weak and the profligate, who, unable to attain the respect due to virtue, or the credit of usefulness, wish to shew the vigour of their minds, and the soundness of their constitutions, at a late period of life, by supporting a character of folly or licentiousness. But they should be told, that they generally fail in their object, contemptible as it is; the world only allows them credit for an attempt at follies, for an affectation of vice. 'What a fine wicked old dog your father is!' said a young fellow, in my hearing, at the door of a tavern a few nights ago. 'Why, yes,' replied his companion, with a tone of *sang froid*, 'he would if he could.'

In the other sex, I confess I feel myself more inclined to make allowance for those rebels against Time, who wish to extend the period of youth beyond its natural duration. The empire of beauty is a distinction so flattering, and its resignation makes so mortifying a change in the state of its possessor, that I am not much surprised if she who has once enjoyed it, tries every art to prolong her reign. This indulgence, however, is only due to those who have no other part to perform, no other character to support. She who is a wife or a mother, has other objects to which her attention may be turned, from which her respectability may be drawn. I cannot therefore easily pardon those whom we see at public places, the rivals of their daughters, with the airy gait, the flaunting dress, and the playful giggle of fifteen. As to those elderly ladies who continue to haunt the scenes of their early amusements, who sometimes exhibit themselves there in all the gay colours of youth and fashion, like those unnatural

fruit-trees that blossom in December, I am disposed rather to pity than to blame them. In thus attending the triumphs of beauty, they may be of the same use with the monitor who followed the Roman heroes in their triumphal processions, to put them in mind, amidst the shouts of the people, and the parade of conquest, that, for all their glory, they were still but men.

But the progress of time is as often anticipated as it is forgotten, and youth usurps the privileges of age as frequently as age would retain the privileges of youth. At no period, perhaps, was this prematurity of behaviour more conspicuous than at present. We have boys discoursing politics, arguing metaphysics, and supporting infidelity, at an age little beyond that when they used to be playing at taw and leap-frog. Nor are these the most hurtful of their pretensions. In vice, as in self-importance, they contrive to get beyond 'the ignorant present time;' and, at the years of boyishness, to be perfect men in licentiousness and debauchery. It is much the same with the young people of the female world. Girls, who formerly used to be found in the nursery, are now brought forward to all the prerogatives of womanhood. To figure at public places, to be gallanted at public walks, to laugh and talk loud at both, to have all the airs, and all the ease of a fine lady, are now the acquirements of misses, who in my younger days, Mr. Lounger, were working their samplers, learning white seam, or were allowed to spoil a mince-pie, by way of an exercise in pastry: and it is no uncommon thing, now-a-days, to see in the corner of a ball-room at midnight, leaning on the arm of her partner, and now and then answering some of his speeches with a rap of her fan, the same ungrown girl, who, not a great many years ago, would have curtsey'd to the company, kissed

Papa and Mama, and gone to bed supperless between eight and nine in the evening. In both sexes, the 'ingenuous pudor,' the becoming modesty and reserve, which were formerly the most pleasing characteristics of youth, seem now to be exploded: they have forgot to blush; and the present rule of manners is such, that their parents do not blush for them. I confess, Sir, it is not without some indignation that I frequently see fathers and mothers smiling with complacency and pride on their children, for saying and doing things for which, in my time, they would have been turned out of the room.—But I am an old man, apt perhaps to complain and be peevish. That I may not incur the other charge of the poet, the garrulity of age, I beg leave to conclude, by assuring you that I am, Sir, your admirer and humble servant,

SENEX.

After the severity of *Senex*'s reprehension of the present times, on which he certainly has not looked with a favourable eye, it may be a relief to my readers, to read a letter of a lighter sort, received from another correspondent, from whom the same paper to which *Senex* refers has drawn the following proposal.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I HAD the honour of reading your paper for the *New-Year*, setting forth the natural reflections to which that returning period should give rise, and the moral uses of the recollection of past events. I am one, Sir, not much given to serious reflections, yet

I acknowledge the use of remembrance, provided it does not go back an unreasonable time, and takes in only a certain set of events. I have long been an attendant and admirer of the fashionable world; and do not indeed think it worth my while to carry my philosophy down to the lower orders of the people. Of the fashionable world, I presume I need not inform you, Sir, that the New-year does not begin at the 1st of January; it used to be computed from the 18th; but this year, from some particular incidents, it is not, I believe, intended that it should begin so early. About the beginning of February, people will think of dating the commencement of the New-year, and may perhaps indulge the propensity you suppose, to recollect the events of the old. Of this, persons of fashion have the greater need, that their years suffer an interruption unknown to the natural; they exist merely, in a state of oblivion, in the country, for five or six months of summer and autumn, and may therefore be very well supposed to forget the transactions of the last year, which ended so long a while before the present began. I would propose, Sir, to help their memories by a sort of moral *Memorandum-book*, which I doubt not, as you are a philosopher and moralist, will meet with your approbation. My memorandum-book, however, will consist chiefly of things which they must remember to forget. I subjoin a few of the proposed *Memoranda*, by which you may judge of the utility of the whole.

In the first place, then, people of fashion will please to

—— forget *Nature* as much as possible.

Such of them as have not had the advantage of keeping in practice the rules of a polite education, during the summer months, at some of the watering-

places, will have been apt to let the rusticity of nature creep upon them. They may have learned several bad habits, which they must now by all means forget; such as, laughing at a merry, or crying at a moving tale; being themselves happy with happiness, or sad with sorrow; being pleased with the attentions of others, or pleasing others by their attentions; in short, a great many *sincerities* which might do well enough in the country, but which, like other natural productions, the winter always kills, among people of fashion, in a town.

They will, secondly, remember to

—— forget their Country-acquaintance.

They may have received or bestowed many rural civilities, which it would be very improper to recollect here, and may meet with bows and curtesies from very odd or very good sort of people (for the terms are nearly synonimous), which they are to return only with a broad stare of surprise at the freedom used with them. If they have been so rusticated as not to find courage for that, the thing may be accomplished by *forgetting* their *eye-sight*; for which purpose they may resume their opera-glasses, which it is probable have lain quietly in their drawers since their departure from town.

It is a memorandum similar to the above to put them in mind that married persons of both sexes are to

—— forget their Husbands, Wives, and Children.

There is a manifest indecorum, or rather perhaps indecency, in the remembrance of such connections, of which no truly polite person will ever be guilty.

A direction somewhat akin to this is that of

——— forgetting their Fortunes,

of which the remembrance, when it interferes with the demands of pleasure, or of gaiety, is one of the most vulgar and mechanical things in the world. It will, at any rate, be time enough to indulge it at the end of the season, when they may possibly be put in mind of it by other people. As they are, indeed, uniformly to shun all plebeian qualities, it is indispensible for them to

——— forget their Modesty.

A proper confidence in ourselves is one of the truest marks of having lived among persons of condition. Neither knowledge, genius, valour, nor virtue can bestow it; 'tis so purely the gift of fashion and fashionable society, that the want of it is an absolute disqualification for the privileges which attend them.

Under this head of mental endowments, I may suggest the propriety of

——— forgetting their Religion.

It is possible that in the country they may have given way to some vulgar prejudices, which it were highly improper to retain in town. It may not be amiss, however, to inform them, in this place, what they might otherwise have scrupled to believe, that the Church has of late become a place of fashionable resort in Edinburgh; and, what is still more odd, that fine people actually attend to the sermon. The eloquence of some of our preachers, like the dagger of *Macbeth*, has "murder'd sleep" there; for which reason, it will not be so convenient as formerly, to go thither after a late supper, or a long party at whist, the night before.

In point of external qualities, the ladies are to

——— forget their Complexions.

In the morning they are to be much paler, and in the evening much more blooming than they were in the country. If other people remember them from the one period to the other, there is no help for it; —as things go now, it does not much signify. *Very fine* ladies may sometimes forget to dress at all; it will show ease, and a certain contempt for their company, to which people of high fashion are entitled.

On the subject of dress, I may add, by way of caution, that the ladies would do well

——— not to forget themselves.

I don't mean this in the common acceptation of the phrase, which it may be sometimes very proper and convenient to do. What I mean is simply to put them in mind, that a lady in town, in the modern dress, takes up so much more room than she does in the country, that very serious consequences might ensue from her not attending to the space which she necessarily occupies. An acquaintance of mine, who is somewhat of an antiquarian, observed to me, what an opinion our great-grandchildren might be led to form of the size of the ladies' heads towards the close of the 18th century, if any of the fashionable *Hats* should happen to be preserved in the cabinets of the curious. But, in reply, I desired him to take notice, that they would be set right as to the dimensions of the race by examining the *Walking-sticks* of the men, which are just as much below the medium standard, as the hats of the other sex are beyond it. By the Hats, they might conjecture us to be bred of Patagonians; by the Sticks, they would conclude us to be a generation of Laplanders.

But I find I am wandering from my subject. I must put myself in mind, that it is time to conclude

this hasty scrawl, by having the honour to subscribe myself, with all possible consideration and respect, SIR,

Your most obedient and
most devoted humble Servant,
MEMORY MODISH.

V

N°52. SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1786.

On peut ebaucher un portrait en peu des mots; mais le detailler exactement, c'est un ouvrage sans fin.

MARIVAUX.

'MOST women have no characters at all.' So says a poet of great good sense, and of much observation on human character. I own, however, that I am not very willing to acknowledge the truth of the proposition. I admit that there is a certain sameness in the situation of our women, which is apt to give a similarity to their manner and turn of mind; but I am persuaded there is a foundation of diversity in the characters of women as strong as in those of men. The features of the first, indeed, are more delicate, less strongly marked, and on that account more difficult to be distinguished; but still the difference equally exists. In their faces, the features of men are stronger than those of women; but the difference of one woman's face from another is not therefore the less real. So it is, in my opinion, with their minds.

I have been lately more than ever disposed to deny the truth of Mr. Pope's observation, from an acquaintance with two ladies, who, in situations nearly alike, without that difference which viciffitudes of fortune, or uncommon incidents in life, might produce, are in character perfectly dissimilar. I never, indeed, knew two characters more pointedly different than those of Mrs. *Williams* and Mrs. *Hambden*. Mrs. *Williams* is a woman of plain good sense, and of great justness of conduct. She was early married to a man of good understanding, and in a respectable situation of life. He married her, because he wished for a wife who could be a useful as well as an agreeable companion to him, and would make a good mother to his children. She married him, because she thought him a worthy man, with whom she could be happy. Neither the husband nor the wife are remarkable for taste or refinement; but they have both such a stock of sense, as prevents their ever falling into any impropriety. Mrs. Williams conducts the affairs of her family with the greatest regularity and exactness; and she never feels herself above giving attention to any particular of domestic œconomy. The education of her sons she leaves almost entirely to her husband; that of the daughters she considers as peculiarly belonging to her. Believing the great truths, and attentive to the great doctrines of religion, she never troubled herself with its intricacies; and following, in morality, the plain path of right, she never speculated on points of delicate embarrassment. To her daughters, in like manner, she never taught mystery in religion, nor casuistry in morals; but she instills into them the most obvious and useful principles in both. She allows them to mix with the world to a certain degree, and to associate with companions of their own age and rank; but she guards against every thing which might give them a

romantic turn. Having little imagination herself, she removes from her daughters every thing by which theirs might be warmed: novels that melt, and dramas that agitate the mind, she is at pains to prevent their getting a taste for. Even a relish for music she seems to wish to discourage.

Mrs. Williams is in every thing candour itself. Indeed, she never feels any thing which she would wish to conceal. Her good sense makes her always fix on her plan of conduct with firmness; and as she is not perplexed with any difficulties, nor encumbered with any doubts about its being right, she always takes the direct road to accomplish the end she has in view. Upon the whole, Mrs. Williams is more respectable than many who seem formed to command more respect, and happier than many who seem to have more avenues for happiness.

Mrs. *Hambden* possesses a mind of a much superior order to that of Mrs. Williams. She is, indeed, one of the most accomplished women I ever knew. With an uncommon portion of acuteness and discernment, she possesses the highest degree of taste and refinement. Her conversation is ever animated and ever improving; and a delicate sense of virtue, as well as a warmth of sensibility, which runs through every thing she says, creates an attachment to her, and gives to her discourse (to use an expression of Sir William Temple's) that *race*, without which, discourse as well as wine is insipid. Intimately acquainted with human nature, she possesses the quickest discernment and the truest knowledge of every character that comes within her observation; and yet, from a native generosity of mind, she is ever willing to make allowance for the weaknesses or follies of others. With such accomplishments, and so much worth, it is natural to suppose that Mrs. Hambden will exhibit, in every part of her conduct,

a pattern of perfection; and yet, from the very possession of those endowments, she seems to fail in those parts of conduct in which Mrs. Williams, with much inferior talents and accomplishments, appears to succeed. Mrs. Hambden's superior acuteness and penetration, far from enabling her to fix upon a certain, steady, uniform line of conduct, frequently produce only doubt, uncertainty, and hesitation. To whichever side she turns, she sees difficulties; difficulties which her discernment enables her to perceive, and her imagination tends to magnify. When resolved, she is but half-resolved; she begins to doubt that she has determined wrong; thinks of varying her plan, and becomes more and more uncertain how to proceed. Even after she is completely fixed as to the object, she wavers as to the means of obtaining it, and obstacles are constantly starting up in her idea which she knows not how to surmount. This not only produces a vacillancy in her conduct, but at times gives her the appearance of a want of fairness; she wishes to disguise her own perplexity to herself, and this leads her to assume somewhat of disguise to others. Uncertain of the justness or expediency of her own conduct, afraid of the light in which it may appear, she but half communicates resolutions of which she doubts the propriety, and half conceals intentions which she is afraid to fulfil.

Mrs. Hambden was left, not long after her marriage, a widow, with one son and one daughter, and, since her husband's death, her whole care has centered in these children. From her anxiety with regard to her son, she has taken the management of his education upon herself. From her eager wish to conduct him in the paths of vir ue, and to secure him from the snares of vice, she has kept him almost constantly under her own eye; she has prevented him

from going to a public school, and has hardly allowed him any companions. The boy is now about fifteen, with wonderful learning and knowledge for his years, and possessed of the finest and most amiable dispositions; but, from his mode of education, he is awkward, timid, and perfectly ignorant of the world. With the world, however, he must soon mix; and what change this may produce in his character is uncertain. It is much to be feared, that that very purity and refinement of mind, of which he is possessed, and which certainly has been preserved by his seclusion from the world, may produce very fatal consequences to him on his entrance into life. If he retains this extreme purity and refinement untainted, there is danger lest he become disgusted with and unfit for a world, many of the maxims and practices of which he will find very different from the lessons he has received from too fond a mother. But the danger is still greater that his purity and refinement may leave him; being introduced into the world, not gradually, but all at once; not being taught by degrees to struggle with and resist the corruptions around him, he may fall into the very opposite extreme from that in which he has been led, and desert, from the refinement and severity of virtue, to the grossness and licentiousness of vice. He will meet with vice in colours that often dazzle rather than shock inexperience like his, and his weakness may sometimes yield where his inclination may not be seduced. The boldness of confident folly may overthrow his wisest resolutions, and the laugh of shallow ridicule triumph over his best-founded principles.

Mrs. Hambden's daughter is at this moment the most amiable girl I ever knew. Here I am at a loss whether to find fault with the education her mother has given her or not: Mrs. Hambden's object has been to bestow upon her every accomplishment which

can adorn the female character: music and drawing, the French and Italian languages, she is mistress of; her reading is extensive, her taste exquisite, her judgment delicate: and yet, I confess, I am not less afraid than I am interested about this girl's fate. Her soul is too refined for the common, but useful and necessary departments of life; and that imagination which she has enlivened and cultivated, may be to her the source of infinite distress.—While her mother lives, even her support may not always protect her daughter, nor ensure that peace of mind, which feeling may betray or fancy mislead. But what a change in her situation must that parent's death produce! If she remains unmarried, I fear she will be little able to struggle with the harsh difficulties of a single state; for reading and refinement, far from enabling the female mind to grapple with its situation, have rather a tendency to soften and enfeeble it. Should she marry, and I am persuaded she never will, unless she finds a man whom she thinks worthy of her most ardent affection, in that state also she is not less exposed to unhappiness. Even supposing she should meet with a husband (and there are few such) every way worthy of her, it is to be feared that her extreme delicacy may give her many uneasinesses, and create an anxiety which it will not be easy to cure. If from that ignorance of the characters of the men, to which every woman is exposed, she should be unlucky in her choice, her danger is dreadful.

But I have wandered somewhat from my purpose, which was to illustrate the difference between the two ladies in question; and to shew, against the too decisive apophthegm of the Poet, the possible discrimination of female character. Yet, in tracing those different persons through the different plans of education for their children, I am not sure if I have

not stumbled upon something intimately as well as usefully connected with my subject. If there are very distinguishing features in female as well as in male characters, it is for mothers to mark their features, to watch betimes their different propensities. Education can do much to confirm goodness, to correct depravity of temper and of disposition: and in characters more common than either of those extremes, education can give exertion to indolence, refinement to insensibility, strength to the weak, and support to the too susceptible mind,—can call forth talents into usefulness, and bestow happiness upon virtue.

P

N°53. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1786.

Minime contentos nocte Britannos. JUV.

In a late paper, I laid before my readers a letter from a correspondent, subscribing himself *Senex*, on the little attention which is now-a-days paid to the rights and jurisdiction of Time. Since the publication of that paper, I received the following application from a personage who claims my attention and regard, by desiring me to observe, that she is still older than Senex, and has had more opportunities of witnessing that corruption of modern manners, of which he so warmly complains.

To the Author of the Lounger.

The Humble Petition of NIGHT.

SHEWETH,

That from the remotest antiquity your Petitioner was acknowledged and understood to have right to the undisturbed possession of silence and quiet, and, in company with her relation *Darkness*, was invested with the power of staying the works and labours of men, and of consigning them to the dominion of your Petitioner's ancient and approved ally *Sleep*. Sleep in his turn yielded them to the renewed power of *Day*, to whom was committed the charge of their active employments. That this regular distribution of Time was agreeable to the laws of Nature, and highly conducive to the interests of society and the welfare of individuals.

That, this notwithstanding, your Petitioner has to complain, that for a considerable time past, in civilized and polite nations, there have been many violent and unjust inroads made into that province, which, in the order of nature, has been assigned her. That in the metropolis of the British empire, in particular, the distinguishing privileges above set forth, to which the Petitioner conceives herself well entitled, have been violently infringed, insomuch that the hours over which she and her associates above named ought to have had command and control, have been almost entirely appropriated to action, bustle, and disquiet, to the great disturbance of your said Petitioner and her friends before mentioned.

That certain persons, assuming to themselves the style and title of Men of Pleasure, had long since a

licence of acting in their several occupations in despite of your Petitioner's exclusive privileges, herein before recited; and being confederated with the powers of Wine, Play, and other disorderly associates, had made forcible entries into the territories of your Petitioner, and subjected her faithful vassals to much vexation and annoyance. But as those men of pleasure were in some sort acknowledged to be independent of Reason and Nature, from whom your Petitioner holds in fief, she was contented to pass over their enormities for the present; being assured, from very great and respectable authority, that most of those persons would, at a future period, be particularly consigned to her power and dominion.

But of late your Petitioner has observed, with the greatest alarm, that persons of business, and even those from whose high sanction such irregular proceedings will be most apt to come into example and precedent, have made very unwarrantable encroachments on her most acknowledged and determinate boundaries. Such persons, in order to conceal the injuries done by them to your Petitioner, have added the crime of falsehood and forgery to their other offences; and have marked their proceedings, as if carried on under the sanction of Day, with the Latin words, '*Die Martis*,'—'*Die Jovis*,'—and so forth; though it is an undoubted fact, and can be proved by the most indisputable authority, that these were transacted within the jurisdiction and precincts of your Petitioner. Some of the persons, indeed, chiefly and principally concerned in such transactions, were frequently observed to have in some sort allowed the authority of your Petitioner, by submitting to the control and dominion of Sleep, her well-known and faithful associate above mentioned.

That your Petitioner, amidst all those injuries which she suffered, had yet the consolation of think-

ing that they were chiefly confined to the city of London and liberties of Westminster; but that in the country, and the metropolis of this ancient kingdom of Scotland, her proper and just rights were more acknowledged and attended to; and that there, associations both of business and amusement generally preserved a certain degree of respect for her dominion, and did not wantonly and violently encroach upon her boundaries. But within these few years she has seen, with equal surprise and regret, a remarkable alteration in this matter; and that in particular the last mentioned persons, the partisans and followers of amusement in this city, never begin their course of action till that period arrives, which, by the original charter of your Petitioner, was granted to her and her fellow proprietors herein before particularly enumerated.

That your Petitioner is not hardy enough to imagine, that she can prevail on those persons to relinquish the encroachments herein complained of. She is willing, therefore, for the sake of peace, to which she has always had a strong propensity, to give up such a portion of her territory and domain, as to accommodate them in their avocations and employments, provided she shall be ascertained in certain limits, to be henceforward observed without infringement; and she submits to you, on behalf of herself and her sister Day, the under-written propositions on the subject. They contain a new Table of Time, to be observed by the polite and fashionable classes only, reserving to the good folks in the country, and the lower orders of mankind, their ancient and accustomed reckoning.

It is proposed then,

1*st*. That the year in Edinburgh shall commence from the 18th day of January, and shall end and determine the 18th of April. The lesser divisions

of time, called months and weeks, to be nowise affected or affectable by such abridged computation of the year or season; except that, among the higher ranks and orders of the people, for whom this new computation is intended, the space commonly known by the title of *Honey-Moon*, shall be shortened in proportion to the comparative durations of this newly-computed year, and of that formerly established and observed.

2d, That the day shall begin at the hour of two in what is now called the Afternoon, and end at six in what is vulgarly called the Morning; the space between the latter hour and the former to appertain and belong to your Petitioner.

3d, Day agrees to cede to your Petitioner the Sun, and its various appendages; your Petitioner, on her part, guarantees to her sister Day the Moon, with all its properties and appurtenances whatsoever.

4th, Day agrees, that notwithstanding the cession contained in the immediately preceding article, your Petitioner may continue her amnesty to all those little irregularities which were formerly covered by her shade, and which she may in this period now settled happen to witness; because the fashionable circle, to which only this new kalendar applies, is above being ashamed of such practices, and can let the Sun look on them without blushing.

5th, During the period of this newly-settled year, which is too short to allow any interruption in its course, your Petitioner's ally Rest gives up her ancient claim to every seventh day: on which seventh day, therefore, every fashionable employment, business, or diversion, may be carried on as usual; any such ancient claim, law, or commandment, in any wise notwithstanding: Proviso, That such concession shall not bar people from sleeping in church on that day.

Your Petition humbly requests, That you will be pleased to take the premises into your consideration; and, on behalf of her and her sister Day, accede to the proposals above set forth, as well as publish them for the consent and concurrence of the polite world in this part of the kingdom.

NIGHT.

Z

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH I hate writing, yet I am so very unhappy, that I am at last resolved to apply to you. Indeed I have no other means of relief; for telling my distresses to any body that knows me, would be worse than death itself. I must give you all my history, or you can have no idea of my misfortunes. I was eldest daughter to a gentleman of 700l. a year, who had four sons and two daughters. My sister and I were remarkably well educated; besides being three years at a boarding-school, we had a governess at home who had once been in France, and who understood thorough-bass perfectly. We had an excellent drawing-master, and were nine years at the dancing-school. Though nobody of taste thought the youngest near so handsome as her sister, yet, good heavens! only think how lucky she was!—married to a Baronet with a fine fortune and a charming place.—To be sure he is old and very ill tempered, and she cries sometimes, and wishes she had never seen him; but I know that must be all affectation; for she has the loveliest carriage and the smartest liveries ever you saw! But why should I think of her? for it is just thinking of her that vexes me often;—yet I once

despised her.—Well, Mr. Lounger, I was once happy myself, at least much happier than I am now. We lived in town always, except a month or two in the summer, and even then I did not tire so much as you would suppose; for we visited all our neighbours, and my brothers brought out their companions, and we had dances and parties of pleasure. But when winter came, how charming it was!—To be sure one had vexations now and then. To see other people better dressed, or have better partners, or more *tonish* matrons, is horrible; but then, if one takes pains, and goes every where, they may soon be fashionable. Well, I went about constantly, and flirted, and danced, and played and sung, and every mortal said I was so handsome, and so lively, and so accomplished, and so much the thing—Oh! why do people ever grow older?—Then, as for lovers, I had I don't know how many. All the smart men used to dance with me by turns, invite me to private balls, and tell me how much they adored me: and though they did not just ask me to marry them, yet I thought that question must follow; that there was no hurry, I might divert myself, and perhaps get a better husband than any I had seen yet. It is but fair to say I was not the least romantic. My mother warned me against that, and I had sense enough to be convinced, that if I got a fashionable man and a man of fortune, every thing else was nonsense. I made but one resolution; since my sister had married a baronet, I would have nothing lower, and perhaps insist upon a peer—Good heavens! to think I have got nobody!—now, Mr. Lounger, read what follows, and pity me. For some years I was the most contented soul alive; but alas! misfortunes at last began to come upon me. Silly baby-faced girls turned fashionable, and were taken notice of before me. Many of my companions were married,

and could talk of *their* house, and *their* servants, and *their* carriage:—the fine men turned ill bred fools. In short, I grew every day less comfortable, when, to add to all, my father died and left me just 1000l. Then began misery indeed. My eldest brother married,—the rest were dispersed; my mother and I were forced to live alone; we have no carriage, no country house, no large parties; was ever any creature so unfortunate! I find myself more unhappy every day. Assemblies are detestable; I may sit there two hours before any mortal asks me to dance; and then some brute of a married man says, If I can do no better, he'll be happy to have the honour. The play-house is a degree more tolerable, though the horror of thinking who will hand one out, prevents one from being diverted. In company, I see every body more attended to than myself. At home, I am miserable. What can I do? People talk of friends; one may get plenty of them:—but unless they are fashionable, what the better are you? Besides, if one has no lovers to talk about, except to repeat scandal, and that one can always get, I don't see the use of them; for my part I have tried a great many, but though we were always monstrously fond at first, we very soon tired of one another.

Now, Sir, if you have the least compassion tell me what to do:—Is there any scheme on earth, by which I might be married? To say the truth, I plot for every man I see, but my plots never succeed. If you could assist me, I would be the most grateful creature on earth. No matter who he is, if he is but genteel and decently rich. If I were married, I might soon make myself *tonish*, which is all I wish in the world. Never talk to me of giving up the rage for being so, or of settling my mind, and amusing myself with working and reading. I tell you they don't amuse me. I have worked purses, and

painted trimmings for hours, without being the least diverted. And as for reading, what can I read? Hiſtory I know perfectly; for we read an hour with the governess every day; and as for novels, though I get all the new ones, and they are the only books I like, yet, after all, they are a provoking sort of reading: they always talk of youth and beauty and lovers; and the men now are so different from what they ſhould be, or what these books represent them, I cannot bear it. Now do, Sir, take pity on me and help me; but pray convey the advice, so that nobody but myself can profit by it: for if the multitude in the same situation were all provided for, the world would grow intolerably good-natured, and I would have none to exult over. At present, I cry bitterly whenever I hear of a good marriage; it would be divine to think that two hundred were doing so at mine.———Farewel, my dear Sir; forgive this trouble, and believe me your sincere friend, and I hope soon, grateful servant,

JESSAMINA.

N° 54. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1786.

Ils ne tardent pas a obeir a cette maladie generale qui precipite toute la jeuneſse de province vers l'abime de corruption.

TABLEAU DE PARIS.

To the historian and the antiquary it is matter of curious investigation, to trace the progress of expence and luxury through the different stages of increasing wealth and advancing refinement in a country, and to observe the war which for some time is

carried on between the restraining powers of grave and virtuous legislators, and the dissipated inclinations of a rich and luxurious people. In this contest indeed, the inequality of the parties is easily discernible, and the effects of that inequality readily foreseen. The first sumptuary law that is passed is the signal of that growing opulence which is soon to overturn it; and the weak barriers of successive restraints and regulations are in vain opposed to a force, which the progress of time and of manners daily renders more irresistible. Luxury, like a river, is harmless amidst the barren mountains where it first begins to rise; but in the fruitful vallies of its after-course, its size is enlarged, and its power increased, in proportion to the mischief it may cause; and the mounds which were opposed to its encroachments, only serve to mark the desolation its has made. Great cities are the natural stages for luxury and dissipation of every sort. Against great cities, therefore, the lawgiver sometimes, as well as the moralist, has exerted his authority, and endeavoured to hinder people from crowding together, to waste their means, and to corrupt their principles, in that circle of extravagance, of vanity, and of vice, to which a town gives scope and encouragement. In Scotland, at a very early period, attempts were made to controul this abuse, as it was thought, by law. More than three centuries ago, it was 'statute and ordained, That the Lords should dwell in their castles and manours, and expend the fruit of their lands in the countrie where their lands lay.'—And King James I. of England, when transplanted into the richer soil of our sister kingdom, had not forgotten the wholesome restrictions of his ancestors. In his speech in the Star-chamber, *anno* 1616, he inveighs against the overgrown size of London, which he declares was become a nuisance to the whole kingdom. After

enumerating many pernicious consequences of which this was the cause, and ascribing the evil in terms rather ungallant as well as coarse, to the influence of the Ladies*, he goes so far as to say, that he would have the new buildings pulled down, and the builders committed to prison.

In these days of liberty and enlarged ideas, the restraints of law, or the recommendations of royalty, are not employed to check abuses of that sort which do not violate the great bonds of society, or openly disturb the good order and government of the state. The law is contented to punish public crimes; private vices and private follies it leaves to the cognizance and the censure of the preacher and the moralist, or to the lighter correction of the satirist or the comedian. These reformers are of that milder class who are satisfied if they can circumscribe, though they do not extirpate the mischief. Indeed it is to be doubted if they desire to extirpate it; or whether they do not, like good sportsmen with foxes, only wish to run down part of the game, and leave a breed, for their own amusement, behind.

Of these hunters of folly and of dissipation, great cities have not failed to attract the notice, and awaken the censure. Rome, Paris, and London, have found Juvenals, Boileaus, and Johnsons, to attack them. But on this subject in general, I know nobody who has hit on a better idea for exposing them than the author of *Tristram Shandy*, who in some passage of

* 'One of the greatest causes of all gentlemen's desire, that have no calling or errand to dwell in London, is apparently the pride of the women; for if they bee wives, then their husbands; and if they bee maydes, then their fathers; must bring them up to London; because the new fashion is to be had no where but in London, and here, if they bee unmarried, they marr their marriages; and if they bee married, they lose their reputations, and rob their husband's purses.'

Works of K. James in folio, p. 567, 568.

that eccentric and witty performance, makes one of his personages propose, that judges should be appointed at the avenues of every metropolis, where each person, when he arrives from the country, should be obliged to give an account of the business which brings him to town. Unfortunately, he has only started, without pursuing the thought; and the imagination is left to suppose the general effect of the inquiry, without being led to any particular examination of individuals.

I was mentioning this the other day to a brother Lounger of mine, whom I have for some time remarked as the humourist of his circle in the coffee-house where we occasionally meet. He catched the idea immediately; and having smiled some moments to himself as if inwardly enjoying it, 'What a precious catalogue of fools,' said he, 'might one have had even here, if such an examination had taken place of those who resort to Edinburgh for the winter! But for this season I can in some degree supply the omission: you must know I am sworn brother, as *Prince Hal* says, to some of the most intelligent waiters at one or two of the hotels here in the neighbourhood; and these rascals, who are as *smoky* as the devil, entertain me now and then with an account of *arrivals*, as they call it, not only in their own houses, but in those around them; for they have all a hawk's eye for a post-chaise or a travelling coach, and mark those who go past as well as those who stop at their doors. I have actually taken down some memoranda of their intelligence; but I have not the pocket-book here at present: put me in mind, and I will shew it you to-morrow.'—I did not fail to require the fulfilment of the promise; and next day my acquaintance being in a hurry, gave me the book home with me, from which I made some extracts, which I shall take the liberty of laying before my

readers, along with the notes which the gentleman seemed to have set down as a sort of common place on the facts he had collected. They were entered under several leaves, on the first of which was this motto:

——— They run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

December 20. A coach with eight insides, besides two boys and their governor in the dilly, came to town for the education of their children;—a large family; could not afford to keep them in the country; therefore taken a house in town at sixteen guineas a month, next door to *Lady Rumpus.*—The two eldest Misses went straight to the milliner's over the way. —Mamma called for the Assembly subscription-book.——Lady Rumpus had been so obliging as to set down her name; she added Miss Eliza's and Miss Sophia's:—'They must not,' she said, 'be foundered in their education.'—The two young Ladies returned from Mrs. *Robertson*'s with new *Hats* on their heads, new *Bosoms*, and new *Behinds* in a band-box.'—(Note. *Verification of the cant vulgarism about a band-box.)*—Miss Sophia tore her hat in getting in at the parlour door.

January 2. Another family with three tall young Ladies—come to town for husbands,—'squired by a gentleman in a hunting uniform on a handsome bay gelding. The housekeeper who came some time after, mounted on a pad behind one of the footmen, said the gentleman on the bay gelding was an admirer of the eldest of the three young ladies; that they hoped it would have been a match before now, but people were so shy in the country; they would be better acquainted in town. The young gentleman's valet bespoke a room for his master next door to his sweetheart's.

In the afternoon, two Ladies in mourning, in an old fashioned chariot, drove by a fat coachman in jack-boots, and attended by a plough-boy on a rat-tailed coach-horse. Humphrey called for a tankard of porter, and told all about the Ladies, in the kitchen. The young one, an heiress, who has lately buried her brother, and taken possession of his estate, and is come to town to learn how to make a figure. The elder, a widow, a relation, who has been with her young kinswoman ever since her brother's death; a wise lady, who is to teach her young friend fashion and sentiment. Their carriage was stopped on the street by a drove of cattle, and one of them gored the rat-tailed horse behind. The widow scolded, and asked if they knew whose chariot it was they incommoded.

(Note. *A parallel between the widow and the grazier; but he came to town to sell his* own *cattle.)*

January 3. Two young gentlemen and a pointer in a chaise and four, splashed to the eyes. The youngest called by his companion Sir John. Sir John pulled out his watch at the door——'Run it in an hour and seventeen minutes, damme.'—Gave the post-boys a crown. His companion ordered their beds, and every thing in the house for supper. Sent the boot-ketch to Hart's for a pair of Spanish boots; to Bruce's for patent spurs, a bludgeon stick, a pair of buckles, and a tobacco-box. Called for a bottle of gin, a caraff of water, and a pack of cards, to take a hand at brag till supper-time.

(Note. *The young fellow in scarlet is at present a* Natural; *his companion will turn him into a* Maker.*)*

Same day. An elderly grave-looking gentleman, with a grey-haired servant in a plush-coat, and velvet-

cap, riding after him, with a large portmanteau and a wax-cloth bag. An excise-officer, who was passing, talked of examining his baggage. John opened the portmanteau and bag, and shewed him what was within. Nothing but parchments and papers relating to a law-suit, about two roods of ground, which had lasted for six winter sessions, between him and his neighbour Dr. *Testy*.—A little squat man rode by him on a dun poney: John said this was his master's country-lawyer, who had been of the greatest use to him in his process, and who indeed scarce did any thing else but attend to this gentleman's affairs.

January 5. A jolly, red-faced, middle-aged gentleman, with his servant in the chaise along with him, and a little medicine chest, as he called it, with square bottles, and labels upon them written in Dutch. Came to town to consult about his gout; but his man told the chamber-maid, he always left the country when a club broke up in a little town near him, of which he was the oldest member. John said he wished the winter were fairly over, and they were got safe out of Edinburgh again; because it was hard living in this town of ours. 'In the country,' said John, 'we get drunk but once a-day, and are generally in bed by eleven.'

January 6. In a return chaise from the west *Richard* III. and *Hamlet* Prince of Denmark.—Set down the Queen at the Tap-room. *Ophelia* and her three children to come by the caravan.

Mem. to the waiter, who is an old acquaintance of Richard's, to send to the waggon for the parcels: my legs and back to my own lodgings: *Falstaff*'s belly, and *Bardolph*'s nose, to *Hallion*'s.

January 8. Passed a coach with Ladies; two maid-servants, and an old butler, in a chaise behind, the gentleman and his son on horseback. Mr.—— from ——shire, gone to his own house, No. 7.—

Send word to the poor widow who lost her husband last week.——

Here the journal stopped short, for that gentleman's good actions are not easily traced; but I could supply the blank, for No. 7. is the house of my excellent friend *Benevolus*. From the country, where he has encouraged industry, and diffused happiness all around him, he comes at this season, like the sun, to cheer and gladden the inhabitants of another hemisphere. He comes to town to find a new scene for his own virtues, and to shew his children that world which is to profit by theirs. The society which he enjoys, and into which he introduces his family, is chiefly of that sort which is formed to instruct and to improve them. If sometimes of a gayer or more thoughtless kind, it is however always untainted with vice and undebased by folly; for there are no social moments, however much unbent or unrestrained, on which a wise and good man does not stamp somewhat of the purity and dignity of his own nature. At *Benevolus*'s table, I have seen the same guests behave with the most perfect propriety and good manners, who but a few doors from him held a conversation and deportment equally repugnant to both. Nor does his benignity hold out less encouragement to the worthy, than his good sense and virtue impose reverence on the unthinking. At his table, unassuming merit sits always at her ease, and conscious obligation feels perfect independence. Nobody ever cites his power or his rank, but to illustrate the nobleness of his mind; nor speaks of his wealth, but as the instrument of his benevolence.

Z

N° 55. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

'BUT indeed I have generally remarked, that people did so only because they could not do better.' So says Colonel Caustic of the manners of certain individuals in his own days, who sometimes, as well as we, transgressed the bounds of strict decorum, and tried to make rudeness pass for raillery, or indecency for wit. I admit the fairness of his judgment in the cases there spoken of; and I heartily wish they were the only instances where we indulge our foibles under false pretenses, and absurdly attempt to make a merit of our defects. But I am afraid there are few kinds of imposition which we are more given to practise on the world, and even on ourselves; and that too in particulars far more important than those so offensive to the Colonel, though in this I should regret to be understood as meaning that the latter are of little moment.

I find, Sir, I am personally too much interested in this subject to speak long of it in general terms. At the same time I have no intention, like some of your correspondents, to give you a history of myself. Suffice it to know, that though by birth a gentlewoman, and educated to prospects which I well remember were the envy of my young companions, I was long ago reduced, by the misfortunes of my family, to accept, and even to be thankful for a very humble station; and have lived these many years as the attendant of a lady, who is indeed of the same blood with myself, but whom I now must needs call

my superior. It is with her, as a striking example of the self-deception mentioned, that I mean to bring you and your readers acquainted; in hope no doubt, at the same time, to meet with some sympathy in my sufferings under her dominion.

Not that I would represent my patroness as without her share of merit neither; for good qualities she certainly has. But what has marred the whole fruit and harvest of them, this lady was born—with too *strong feelings*, to use her phrase for it,—or, to speak my own sense of the matter—with pretty violent passions. By proper means, employed at an early period of life, this vivacity of disposition might, at least to a certain degree, have been corrected. But while she was a child, her parents were too fond of her to chastise her faults, or perhaps to discern that she had any; and she lost these tutors before reaching the age when her behaviour to themselves might possibly have taught them the propriety of showing less indulgence. She had besides the misfortune, for such I must account it, of being reckoned, when she grew up, among the finest women of her time; a circumstance which did not much contribute to restrain the sallies of caprice, nor to engage her in the profitable but ungrateful labour of discovering her defects. Add to this, she was introduced to the world while as yet a mere girl, and precisely at that æra of fashion, when, owing I believe to certain novels then recently published, and in the very height of their popularity, the style of conversation was wholly *sentimental*; and the women universally vied one with another (in which they were imitated by some of the men) in making proof of the strength and the delicacy of their *feeling*.

Miss Nettletop was of the very frame and constistution to be caught with the prevailing malady. Fond of admiration to excess, and delighted with

the generous system that raised mere speculative sensibility, of which she had enough, to the very top of the list of virtues, she quickly distinguished herself among its declared votaries. The Gospels of Sentiment (if so I may call the books in question) were never out of her hands; she had their texts and phraseology at all times in her mouth; and thus, by perpetual indulgence in one melting strain, having in time persuaded herself that she was in truth one of the tenderest and most refined of human beings, she gave herself up at last entirely to the direction of her feelings as instinctive guides, far surer and more infallible than observation or reflection.

Had her delusion stopped here, it would have been comparatively innocent, and more properly the subject of ridicule than of serious complaint. But, alas, Sir! what was a most unlucky oversight in learning to think thus favourably of her own heart, and to entertain this so profound respect for her emotions, she omitted to take the necessary pains for distinguishing the different kinds of emotion one from another, nor separated with perfect justice the amiable from the disagreeable; but inadvertently, among the multitude of those that had the sufferings of her neighbour for their object, contracted a leaning also toward some few others, hidden under the former, I suppose, which tended purely to her own gratification.

The truth is, that Miss Nettletop, perhaps without being conscious of it, had not been the less ready to inlist among the proselytes of Sentiment, that she found, or thought she found, in their creed, the appearance of an apology for certain vivacities, which, as already hinted, it would have cost her some trouble to get the better of; and even saw a specious pretence, in various instances, for holding them out as so many perfections. No wonder she

turned fond of a system in which she learned, that the quickness of her temper was not a vice, as some would have her to believe, but at worst a pardonable, or rather amiable weakness, naturally attendant (as some mote of weakness will ever attend all human excellence) on a heart so much more alive than that of other people; and which often disguised her anger, or her spite, under the more pleasing form of excessive delicacy; a delicacy more unfortunate for herself than for others, since it rendered this or t'other small foible in her acquaintance insufferable, and distressed her with circumstances of minute offence, beyond the conception of vulgar and ordinary souls.

It was thus, Sir, that her eyes were early shut upon a part of her composition, which it much behoved her to guard against, and which is now the cause why, with several good qualities, and in spite of many good actions, she is the plague of all who live with her, and has hardly one real friend in the world. So long indeed as she was young and beautiful, and the world prospered with her, these were circumstances to keep her in good humour with herself, and to hinder the little feverish fits which she was subject to from changing into a settled habit. But Miss Nettletop has met with crosses in life, as who is there that passes through life without them? She was married to a Mr. Tempest, a man of large fortune, but dissolute manners. They lived but uncomfortably together, if the world may be believed; and he has now for some time resided apart from her, and abroad. She never had a child; and she was some years ago afflicted with a severe and tedious illness, which neither her health nor her looks are ever likely to recover. She is now, at any rate, of that time of life, when the love of admiration becomes rather a troublesome companion to one's self, and

ridiculous to others. In these circumstances, it is obvious how fast her irritable habit of mind must gain strength, and how fatal it must prove, both to her own peace, and to that of all within her walls. One half her time is spent in bemoaning her misfortunes. They are literally her business and her entertainment: *She ruminates all day her dreadful fate;* nor is there any thing that would more mortally offend her than an attempt to depreciate her miseries.—Hence, Sir, she is quite over-run with melancholy, as she calls it; or rather (to call things by their right names) with discontent and chagrin: for her affliction, whatever she may think, is by no means of Viola's kind, that preys and consumes in silence; on the contrary, from her original cast of temper, her melancholy exerts itself full as much on those who are about her as on herself. She seems indeed convinced, that her unparalleled distresses should render her the object of universal interest (an expectation in which she is by no means always gratified), and that between these and her *strength of feeling*, which renders every thing a torture to her that is not pleasant, she has gained an unquestionable right to have her own way in all things and in all companies. The result of which is, that sore to the annoyance of all her dependents, and I am afraid not much to her own comfort, every whim and humour, and every suggestion of passion, are implicitly obeyed, under the name of Sensibility.

You will easily understand that it is among her domestics this forwardness of temper is most severely felt: I am sorry to add, I am myself the person that chiefly does penance under it. For though I sit at table with the mistress of the house, and am not called by my Christian name like the other servants, nor indeed receive like them any recompense for my services, I am, in truth, no other than a ser-

vant, and my peculiar department is understood to be, that of keeping Mrs. Tempest quiet, or easy, as it is called; a task far harder than falls to the lot of any other of the household. I strive all I can to please her: but alas! to what purpose, when I have hourly the mortification to find, that I shock and discompose some refined and sublimated feeling, which I have not the least conception of? How to behave on these occasions I know not. For if I say nothing, I am sullen: if I explain but ever so gently, my violence is intolerable; and if I make acknowledgments, my submission is feigned; which I find, to a person of sentiment, is of all things the most provoking.

I am afraid I grow tedious; but it is some relief to speak of one's hardships. The publication of them, if of no use to me, may possibly be a lesson to some others; for I am afraid Mrs. Tempest may not be the only lady who gives the name of strong feelings to her strong passions, and lays claim to superior tenderness, on the ground of feeling more than common for herself. I remain, Sir, with all respect,

Yours, &c.

HANNAH WAITFORT.

I HAVE taken the first opportunity of publishing Mrs. *Waitfort*'s letter, as I sincerely compassionate the unhappiness of her situation. Nothing is so provoking as this refined ill-humour, which takes the merit of sensibility from selfishness, and feels for every distress but those which it might cure.

Sentiment and feeling, however, had their day, but are now almost quite out of fashion. Mrs. *Tempest* may be told, that she might as well come

to a modern assembly in the stiff brocade of her youthful birth-day balls, as put on, in these times, the affectation of sensibility for an ornament. Our fashionable ladies have brought up *Indifference* with their gauzes and feathers; both (in the words of my friend the milliner of Prince's-Street) 'light easy wear, and fit for all seasons.'

But not equally fit for all conditions. The highest fashions must always properly belong to certain orders of the people. This ease and indifference, in their greatest extent, should only be worn by privileged persons. It might not be amiss, if, like the *rouge* of the French, they were put on by married women only, who may be supposed to bestow all their feelings at home; or by ladies of very high rank, who (as travellers tell us of the calm that reigns on the summit of the Alps) have got into a superior region, undisturbed by the emotions of ordinary life. Something too might be claimed by beauty, to which coldness or indifference is perhaps a safe, and has long been an acknowledged attendant. All things considered, I think the young lady who sat in one of the side-boxes t'other evening, who was so immoderately diverted with the distresses of the Tragedy, and preserved such an obstinate gravity during the drolleries of the farce, carried her *no-feelings* a little too far.

Z

N° 56. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1786.

Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
Discite, non inter lances mensasque nitentes. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I TROUBLED you some time ago with a letter from the country; now that I am come to town, I use the freedom to write to you again. I find the same difficulty in being happy, with every thing to make me so, here as there. When I tell this to my country friends, they won't believe me. Lord! to see how the Miss Homespuns looked when they came to take leave of me the morning we set out for Edinburgh!—I had just put on my new riding-habit which my brother fetched me from London; and my hat, with two green and three white feathers; and Miss Jessy Homespun admired it so much! and when I let her put it on, she looked in the glass, and said with a sigh, how charming it was!—I had a sad headach with it all morning, but I kept that to myself. 'And do, my dear, (said she,) write sometimes to us poor moping creatures, in the country. But you won't have leisure to think of us; you will be so happy, and so much amused.' At that moment my brother's post coach rattled up to the door, and the poor Homespuns cried so when we parted! To be sure, they thought that a town life, with my brother's fortune to procure all its amusements, must be quite delightful.——Now, Sir, to let you know how I have found it.

I was content to be lugged about by my sister for the first week or two, as I knew that in a large town I should be like a fish out of water, as the saying is. But my sister-in-law was always putting me in mind of my ignorance: 'and you country girls,—and we who have been in London,—and we who have been abroad.'—However between ourselves, I don't find that she knows quite so much as she would make me believe: for it seems they can't learn many things in the Indies; and when she went out she knew as little as myself; and as for London, she was only a fortnight there on her way home.

So we have got masters that come in to give us lessons in French, and music, and dancing. The two first I can submit to very well. I could always get my tongue readily enough about any thing; and I could play pretty well on the *virginals* at home, though my master says my *fingering* is not what it should be. But the dancing is a terrible business. My sister-in-law and I are put into the stocks every morning to teach us the right position of our feet; and all the steps I was praised for in the country are now good for nothing, as the *cotillon* step is the only thing fit for people of fashion; and so we are twisted and twirled till my joints ache again; and after all, we make, I believe, a very bad figure at it. Indeed I have not yet ventured to try my hand, my feet I mean, before any body. But my sister-in-law, who is always praised for every thing she does, would needs try her cotillon steps at the assembly; and her partner Captain Coupée, a constant visitor at my brother's, told her what an admirable dancer she was: but in truth she was out of time every instant, and I heard the people tittering at her country fling, as they called it. And so in the same manner (which I do not think is at all fair, Mr. Lounger) the Captain one day at our

house swore she sung like an angel (drinking her health in a bumper of my brother's champaign); and yet as I walked behind him next morning in Prince's street, I overheard him saying to one of his companions, that Mushroom's dinners were damn'd good things, if it were not for the *bore* of the singing; and that the little *Nabobina* squalled like a pea-hen.

But no doubt it is good manners to commend people to their faces, whatever one may say behind their backs. And I perceive they have got fashionable words for praising things, which it is one of my sister's lessons and mine to have at our tongues ends, whether we think so or not. Such a thing, she tells me (as she has been taught by her great companion Miss Gusto), must be *charming*, another *ravishing*, (indeed, Mr. Lounger, that is the word), and a third *divine*. As for me, I have yet got no farther than charming; I can only say ravishing in a whisper; and as for divine, I think there is something Heathenish in it: though indeed I have been told, since I came here, that the Commandments were only meant for the country.

Here, as before, *comme il faut* (I can spell the words now that I am turned a French scholar) is still held out as a law to us. We have besides got another phrase, which is perpetually dinned into my ears by my sister-in-law, and that is the *Ton*. Such a person is a very good kind of a person, but such another is more the *Ton*: such a lady is handsomer, more witty, more polite, and more good-humoured than another; but that other is much more the *Ton*. I have often asked my sister, and even my French master, to explain the meaning of this word *Ton*; but they told me there was no translation for it. I think, however, I have found it out to be a very convenient thing for some people. 'Tis like what my grandfather, who was a great admirer of John

Knox, used to tell us of Popish indulgences: folks who are the *Ton* may do any thing they like, without being in the wrong; and every thing that is the *Ton* is right, let it be what it will.

Alas! Sir, if the *Ton* would let poor people alone who don't wish for distinction, there would be the less to complain of: but the misfortune is, that one must be in the *Ton* whether one's mind gives them to it or not; at least I am told so. We have a French Friseur, whom our Maitre d'Hotel *Sabot* recommended, who makes great use of this phrase. He screwed up my hair till I thought I should have fainted with the pain, and I did not sleep a wink all the night after, because he said that a hundred little curls were now become the *Ton*. He recommended a shoemaker, who, he said, made for all the people of the *Ton*, who pinched my toes till I could hardly walk across the room; because little feet were the *Ton*. My staymaker, another of the same set, brought me home a pair of stays that were but a few inches round at the waist: and my maid and *Sabot* broke three laces before they could get them to meet; because small waists were the *Ton*. I sat at two dinners without being able to eat a morsel; because (I am ashamed to tell it, Sir) my stays would not hold a bit. However, I would submit to the *Ton* no longer in that article; and when I got home in the evening, I took out my scissars in a passion, and cut a great slash in the sides. I was resolved I would not be squeezed to death for all the *Tons* in the world.

And moreover, the *Ton* is not satisfied with tearing the hair out of our heads, with pinching our feet, and squeezing the pit of our stomach, but we must have manners which, under favour, Sir, I think very odd, and which my grandmother (I was bred up at my grandmother's) would have whipped me

for, that she would, if I had ventured to shew them when I was with her. I am told, that none but a Ninny would look down in the sheepish way I do; but that when I meet a gentleman in our walks, I must look as full at him as I can, to shew my eyes; and laugh, to shew my teeth (all our family have white teeth); and flourish my rattan, to shew my shapes. And though in a room I am to speak as low and mumbling as I can, to look as if I did not care whether I was heard or not; yet in a public place, I am to talk as loud and as fast as possible, and call the men by their plain surnames, and tell all about our last night's parties, and a great many other things, Mr. Lounger, which I can't do for the heart of me; but my sister-in-law comes on amazingly, as Miss Gusto says. But then she has been in India, and she was not brought up with my grandmother. I protest, though I would be ashamed to let Miss Gusto know it, that often, when I am wishing to practise some of her lessons, I think I see my grandmother with her bunch of keys at her apron-string, her amber-headed stick in one hand, and the *Ladies Calling* in the other, looking at me from under her spectacles, with such a frown, Mr. Lounger!—it frightens the *Ton* quite out of my head.

After all, I am apt to believe, that the very great trouble, and the many inconveniences to which we put ourselves to attain this distinction of the *Ton*, are in a great measure labour in vain; that our music, our dancing, and our good breeding, will perhaps be out of fashion before we have come to any degree of perfection in all or any of these accomplishments; for some of the fine ladies and fine gentlemen who visit us, say, that the *Ton* here is no *Ton* at all, for that the true and genuine *Ton* (like the true and genuine *Milk of Roses)* is only to be found in London. Nay, some of the finest of those fine ladies and gen-

tlemen go a step farther, and inform us, that the *Ton* of London itself is mere *Twaddle*, and that the only right *Ton* is to be found in *Paris*. I hope in goodness, however, that my sister, if she is determined, as she sometimes hints, to chase the *Ton* that length, will drop me by the way, or rather allow me to return again to the country. Old sparrows (the proverb says, Mr. Lounger) are ill to tame. ——Not that I am old neither; but I believe I am not quite young enough to learn to be happy in the sort of life we lead here: and though I try all I can to think it a happy one, and am sure to say so in every place to which we go, yet I can't help often secretly wishing I were back again at my father's, where I should not be obliged to be happy whether I would or not.

Your afflicted (if I may venture to say so)
humble servant,
MARJORY MUSHROOM.

P. S. La! what do you think, Mr. Lounger? they tell me we are to go to a *masked Ball*. My sister-in-law is quite in raptures about it. 'Mr. Dunn,' she says, 'is to open his whole *Hotel*, bed-rooms and all, for the occasion; and she is to be a shepherdess, and Captain Coupée a shepherd; and they are to dance an *Allemande* together.' And she wants me to be a *Nun*, or, as Captain Coupée advises, a *Vestal Virgin*; but I told them, I had no mind to be a Nun, nor a Vestal Virgin neither, that I had not. But my sister says, it is only in sport; and Captain Coupée declares it will be the farthest in the world from making people Nuns or Vestals.—Well, I am half afraid, Mr. Lounger; and yet I think I shall go. Were my grandmother to lift up her head now! I will think no more of her till the masked ball is over.

Z

N°57. SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1786.

Fortunate Senex. VIRG.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THERE is nothing in which mankind have differed more than in the representations they have given of human life. One class of men describes it as full of happiness and enjoyment, as a path covered with flowers; another has presented us with descriptions which shew nothing but disappointment and vexation, which represent life as a path strewed with thorns, as a vale of misery and tears. Truth perhaps lies somewhere in the middle between those two opinions: men were not born only to be miserable; and yet complete happiness is not the lot of any one on this side the grave. Life is a chequered thing, a building of Mosaic work, a road where flowers and thorns are both to be met with.

It has always, however, been my opinion, that as the giving amiable and fair pictures of life proceeds from a happier temperament of mind than the inclination to delineate those of a gloomy kind; so the indulging of such views contributes much more to happiness and virtue than the opposite impressions of a darker and more dismal nature. To think well of, and have respect for ourselves and the world around us, is one step to virtue and benevolence; but this step cannot be gained by a person who has been taught to consider himself and every thing around him in a gloomy and an unfavourable light.

There is one period of life which authors have been at pains to picture differently, according as they have been accustomed to take favourable or unfavourable views of the world in general. Old age, that period at which all wish to arrive, and which it is the fate of few only to reach, has been described by one set of men, as of all situations the most comfortless and the most gloomy; as the last stage of human infirmity and helplessness, from which nothing but death can relieve; and the misery of which is enhanced by the dread of that very death, the only cure for all its woe. Another class of men has represented old age as one of the brightest periods of human life; as that period in which we may be said to enjoy life twice, having not only present comforts to enjoy, but all those of a life already past to reflect on.——'Fructus autem senectutis,' says Tully, 'est ante partorum bonorum memoria et copia.'

The person who now addresses you is in this latter period; and though the case of one individual can be of little use in confirming a general opinion, yet I may perhaps be allowed to tell you, that I have never tasted more happiness than I have done for the last years of my life.

I entered upon the world with a small patrimony; but by close attention to my profession, I was soon rendered superior to the fear of poverty; and have now retired from business with a fortune, though not large yet fully adequate to all my wants, and which has been sufficient to rear a numerous family. My profession was such as led me to direct my labours to the immediate use and advantage of my fellow-creatures; and I would not forfeit, for any consideration, the pleasure which, in my present advanced period of life, I receive from recalling to my mind the persons to whom I think my labours have been of some advantage.

I married early a lady whose views of life were similar to my own; and though the first rapture of love was quickly over, it was succeeded by a calmer and less tumultuous affection, more happy on the whole, and which has increased with our increasing years. Our mutual habits, or mutual attachments, our fondness for our children, have made us for a long course of time more and more one, and every year rendered dearer that union so long ago formed. My eldest son is now cultivating that profession from which his father has retired. With what joy do I see his talents successful! with what satisfaction do I perceive him improving those lessons I have given him; and, with the most engaging modesty, advancing much farther than his father's genius entitled him to advance! This is indeed living twice! With great sincerity, and with hopes that they are prophetic of my situation, can I use those words of Morni, in the Poems of Ossian; 'May the name of Morni be forgot among the people; may it only be said, behold the father of Gaul!'

My youngest boy is less advanced, but of no less promising parts, nor less amiable dispositions than his brother.

I have four daughters, and I cannot speak of them but with emotions of gratitude. They are obliged to me and to their excellent mother, for the education we have given them; but how amply have they repaid that obligation! My eldest daughter, now many years married, was before her marriage my companion, and the helpmate of her mother: we used then to call her our little housekeeper. Her own merit, the good education she received, and the inducement of having for a wife the daughter of such a mother as my Hortensia, contributed to make her the wife of a very respectable man; and Hortensia and I now, with enraptured hearts, see her eldest

child, our grand-daughter, holding the same station in her mother's family that her mother did in ours. After our eldest daughter's marriage, our second succeeded to her place, and she again, upon her marriage, was succeeded in her turn.—Our youngest, Maria, is the only one now left to us; and I think, I may say it without vanity, is in no respect inferior to any of the family. Her affection to me seems quickened in proportion to my advance in life; and if I feel any of the infirmities of age, they are much more than counterbalanced by her delicate attention: methinks I would not wish to be younger and stouter than I am, at the expence of losing the assistances of my dear Maria.

It is our custom every Saturday evening to have a general family-party. At tea I have all my grand-children round me; and the variety of gratifications I receive from this little society, it is impossible to describe. At supper, my son, my daughters, and their husbands, are with us; and my wife and I, I can assure you, make no unrespectable figure, seated in our elbow chairs. Had I any grievances to complain of through the week, which indeed I have not, this night would fully compensate them.

Amidst the amusements which this evening's party affords, I must mention one, the pleasure which we receive from the perusal of your Lounger. My wife gets it regularly delivered her every morning about nine; but no one is allowed then to read it. She herself carefully deposits it in her scrutoire, and it is not produced till after supper. It is then brought upon the table, and is read by my Maria, who does it all justice in the reading. I am sure it would give you much delight to hear the conversation it occasions; the remarks which are made, without affectation, and with perfect candour, upon the composition, the scenes it describes, the characters it repre-

sents, their similarity to other papers of the kind, and the like. Many things are said, which, I am persuaded, if collected together, would afford matter for a number of papers. One thing I shall mention, which came from Maria last Saturday. She observed, that there were many of the papers which introduced unmarried men and women, and she proposed that we should make up matches between them. This gave occasion to a good deal of pleasantry, most of which I have forgot; but I remember, that among other marriages, it was proposed, that *Captain N.* should be married to *Miss Caustic*; though Maria, grasping my hand, the tear half starting in her eye, objected to it, because it would be wrong to deprive the Colonel of his sister. With regard to your correspondent *Hortensius*, the youngest of my married daughters, looking at her husband with inexpressible good humour, said, that if she were not already tied, she believed she could have married him herself.

Another source of our entertainment in reading your papers, is a suspicion which I see prevails in the company, that some of its members are your correspondents, and have written in the Lounger. This suspicion gives birth to many a joke; and it is diverting to see upon whom the conjecture of having written this or that paper falls, and the different devices which are thought of to discover where the truth lies. Little do they imagine that their old father is at this moment employed as your correspondent.

But I must conclude: I am afraid ere this you will have thought, that I have one quality of an old man about me, that of being a great talker. I shall only add, that if you think this account of a happy family worth your insertion, it will afford, on the evening of the Saturday on which it is published, a good deal of entertainment to the family-party I have described.

AURELIUS.

I know not whether it be from vanity, or from some better motive, that I have given this letter to the public. I must own, that I have felt myself very sensibly gratified by the manner in which my papers are received in the family of Aurelius. It is to persons in the ordinary stations of life that the Lounger is addressed. The learned may perhaps think themselves above it; the vulgar, those who are employed in the servile offices of life, are below it. But as long as I can give one half-hour's amusement, mixed perhaps with a little instruction, to such a family as that of Aurelius, it shall neither be the indifference of the learned, nor the neglect of the multitude, which shall induce me to discontinue my labours.

A

N° 58. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1786.

Inter sylvas Academi querere verum. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

AMONG the various complaints which I observe from your papers your correspondents occasionally make to you, you may not, perhaps, have met with any more whimsical, or which at first sight will appear more unjust, than mine. I have, thank God, very few

evils, either real or imaginary, in my lot; I am neither too rich nor too poor to be contented; I am neither so dull as not to be pleased with a good thing, nor so refined as to be proud at finding faults in it; I am neither nervous in my body, nor tremblingly alive in my mind: one thing only plagues and vexes me, and plagues and vexes the whole family in which I live. The evil of which I complain, Mr. Lounger, is, I am told, one of the 'first of virtues:'—the evil I complain of is *Truth*.

You must know I have a sister married to a very good and a very learned gentleman, in whose family, by his and his wife's pressing invitation, I have lived ever since his marriage; and for several years no set of people could be happier. But of late my brother-in-law has become a philosopher, and is perpetually hunting after truth; and a pretty chace she leads him! His poring over books in quest of her would only weaken his own eyes, and break his own rest; but his running after her wherever she is to be found, at all times, and in all companies, breaks the rest of every body around him. With my sister and me he has but little play for his humour. His wife indeed is of so gentle and complying a temper, that she never disputes his propositions, as he calls them. I am not quite so yielding; and we have now and then little bouts at an argument: but with our guests and visitors he is constantly at it; and I believe in my conscience he often chuses companies as your chess-players do, because they are nearly matches at their favourite game; having observed that of late, since he took to this kind of sport, he generally invites those people oftenest who argue stoutest with him when they come. For these same truth-hunters, Mr. Lounger, seem, like true sportsmen, to find little pleasure in the chace when it is soon run down, or when there are no hazards in

the way. They like to leap hedges and ditches; to scramble amidst briars and thorns; to splash through mire and bog; to be a terrible long while before they come to the end of their labour; and at last, as I am told it often happens in the field, they sometimes find themselves just where they set out.

But, as the frogs in the fable say, 'This is sport to them, but death to us.'——You cannot imagine what mischiefs and inconveniences it produces in our family. Before this disease of disputation took hold of him, Mr. *Category* was attentive to his affairs, kind to his friends, polite to his acquaintance, and one of the best husbands and fathers in the world; but now he neglects his business, quarrels with his relations, is rude to every body about him, and minds his wife and children no more than if they were so many broomsticks. Indeed I begin to be of opinion, that my sister has lost a good deal of his affection, from that same meekness of spirit which I mentioned her to be possessed of; and I think he likes me much better since I grew tired of yielding every point, as I used to do for peace sake, and now and then wrangle a little with him.

It is not difficult to find an opportunity. Were it about important concerns alone, it would happen only now and then, and might be easily avoided or endured. But 'tis all one what the matter in dispute is, so it but affords a dispute. Every thing is fair game (to come back to the simile of the chace):—If we can't start a hare, a mole or a mouse will serve our turn. 'Twas but yesterday at dinner we had half a dozen battles between him and an odd sort of an old man he has lately taken a great liking to, who I am told was a tutor at one of the universities, till he lost all employment from this same crazy humour of truth-hunting. The soup was not half helped round when a question arose as to the Spartan broth.

The fish introduced a dissertation about a mullet, I think it was, at some great supper in Rome; and the cloth was no sooner taken away than a violent altercation arose about the favourite liquors of the ancients. My hair-dresser happening to call in the afternoon, set them off upon the head-dress of *Poppea*; and an old lady who drank tea with us, puzzling herself to trace the relation between our grandfathers, introduced an inquiry, which lasted till near supper-time, on the family of *Sesostris*.

Were he confined to those old out-of-the-way topics, though the matter might never be exhausted, the number of the disputants would at least be abridged, and we might find a quiet hour when there was no scholar in the house but himself. But he is as keen about ascertaining modern facts as those of ancient times. If he can get hold of any body who has travelled where few have travelled before, if it is but a lame seaman, whom he has found begging in the street, there is no end of his questions. Not that he always acquiesces in what they tell him; on the contrary, he often disputes with them about things which they have seen, which he says cannot be true, because they are contrary to his philosophy; but, on the other hand, he tells them many things which they might have seen in those far countries, which they are obliged to confess they never either saw or heard of. Truth, he says, is not easily discernible by common eyes: truth, he says, according to the old proverb, lies in the bottom of a well. God forgive me, Mr. Lounger, I am sometimes tempted to wish he were there along with her.

Not but that I have an affection for him too, for he has many good qualities, and that makes me the more vexed at this strange humour he has got into, which, besides plaguing us all as it does, is often of real prejudice to himself and to his affairs. For he

is not contented with this search after truth in speculation only, but often carries it into practice in the ordinary concerns of life; and there too he always looks for her in some place where nobody ever thought of her being to be found. He was, I don't know whether fortunately or not, left a sufficiency by his father to enable him to live without a profession; but during one half of the year, when we reside in the country, he is a very keen farmer, planter, and gardener. But his method of farming, planting, and gardening, is quite different from that of any body else, and, as he tells us, the only *true* one in the country. It happens, however, that he has scantier crops, less thriving trees, and worse flavoured fruit than any body around us; but that don't signify, he maintains the contrary, and has the pleasure of finding a dispute with every body that visits his farm, his plantations, or his garden. Last season he spoiled a whole crop of grass by a new method of hay-making. He was positive that it was excellent hay notwithstanding, and much more nourishing than if it had been made after the usual method; but he could never persuade his horses to eat it.

He is rather more successful in making experiments of a similar kind on himself. He once took it into his head, having found, as he told us, the most incontestible evidence of its truth, that men could live very well without sleep; and actually went the length of disturbing the whole house for two nights together, by having himself pinched and buffeted about to keep him awake. On another occasion, he took nearly the same fancy with regard to food, and lived three or four days on a few boiled potatoes and some water-gruel. This, however, was got the better of, by the warm fumes of a venison-pasty, which happens to be a favourite dish of his. He insisted, however, on the superior healthfulness

of the former diet; but owned, that in this, as in many other things, the wrong way was the pleasantest.

This rage of experiment, as well as of inquiry, may lead to very serious consequences, if indulged as far as he sometimes gives us reason to think him inclined to do. He told us t'other morning, he was not at all surprised at the ancient philosopher who leaped into Etna, to be satisfied about the causes of its burning; and we have received intelligence, that he has actually been in treaty for a seat in a *balloon*, to resolve some doubts he has entertained on the subject of that singular invention. Now, Mr. Lounger, as, however troublesome his doubts are to his family, we by no means wish to have them cleared up quite so soon: it would be conferring a great favour on us all, if you, who are a philosopher like himself, would try to persuade Mr. Category to be contented to take things a little more on credit than he is at present disposed to do; particularly, that he would neither think of burning himself alive, or breaking his neck, for the sake of coming at the truth all of a hurry, but submit, for the sake of his wife and children, to grope about a while longer in this world of errors. I am, &c.

MARY PLAIN.

P. S. Pray don't forget to put him in mind, that there will be no disputing in heaven.

N° 59. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1786.

One of the pleasures of which the idle are deprived, is that of relaxation from business. Those whom intricate and weighty affairs embarrass and fatigue, talk with envy of the leisure of the unemployed, of the bliss of retirement. But in their hours of occasional amusement, they know not the grievance of listless days, and months, and years of idleness; nor, when they pant for rest from their labours, are they aware, that it is from labour alone that rest acquires its name, and derives its enjoyment.

When, in the course of my usual walk, I passed the other morning through the place where but a few days before I had met so many busy faces, and been jostled by so many hurried steps; when I saw the court-doors shut, and heard no hum within; I confess it struck me with a melancholy sort of feeling. But the first lawyer whom I encountered had a smile of satisfaction on his countenance, and congratulated himself on the suspension of those labours which last week he said had lain so heavy on him. 'You are free from that plague,' said he, 'you have no *session* or *term-time*'—'But you forget, my friend, that I have no *vacation*.'

I contrive, however, to get through the no-business of my life with tolerable satisfaction, and if at any time an hour hangs heavy on me, I do not carry my misfortune into the streets, but like decent beggars keep my distresses at home, and am relieved by the private contributions of the humane and the charitable.

It is not so with every one who labours under the afflicting hand of time. When I had got a little further on my accustomed walk, I was catched in a shower, and took shelter in the house of an acquaintance in Prince's-street. As I passed the coffee-house and confectioner's shop, I was struck with compassion at the sight of the many vacant and melancholy faces which appeared at the doors and windows. It was but a little after mid-day, and consequently the gentlemen to whom these faces belonged had a great while to look forward to the hour when they could with propriety pull off their boots, and dress for the business of the table. The weather did not permit of their getting rid of this interval by a gallop, which is one of the happiest expedients for the purpose in the world, as it removes the head-ach of yesterday's dinner, gets through the time till the dinner of to-day, and gives an appetite for enjoying that meal when it comes. But my poor friends in Prince's-street had no hope of getting through the tedious interval in the society of their horses; they had before them the dismal prospect of spending three long hours in their own company, or in the company of their fellow-sufferers; and, after all, of sitting down to dinner with muddy heads and squeamish stomachs.

'*Mentem mortalia tangunt*,' says the Poet. The distresses incident to humanity are the great nourishers of moral speculation. The mortals of Prince's-street touched my mind, and I could not think, without a great degree of commiseration, of the difficulty they would find in passing the time till the arrival of that important æra in the history of the day—the hour of dinner. The more I reflected, the more I was distressed on their account: for I suspect that it is not only when the morning is rainy that our gentlemen of fashion find their time heavy. The languor and restlessness

which are so frequently to be observed united in their looks and behaviour, are too evident symptoms of this quotidian disorder, this malady of time, under which they have the misfortune to labour.

To say the truth, in spite of our complaints of the shortness of life, yet four-and-twenty hours returning every day are by far too much for persons who have no other object but amusement. It is almost impossible to continue longer in bed than eleven hours; few people are able to lie more than eight or nine. Here, then, upon the most moderate calculation, we have at least thirteen hours to be filled up every day by people who have nothing to do but to be amused. Now, although a chace, a bottle of wine, a dance, and some other expedients, to which these gentlemen have recourse, may give occasional fillips to their spirits, yet it is not in man, not even in a man of fashion, to be both idle and comfortable for thirteen hours together, day after day.

There seems to be here an incongruity which is not observable any where else in the works of Nature. All the other animals have their duration pretty well adjusted to the purposes for which they seem to have been intended, or to their capacity for filling up the time allotted to them with tolerable satisfaction. The gay fluttering tribe of butterflies, who have no other business under the sun but pleasure, do not live long enough to have any languid intervals, or fits of the vapours. Geese, on the other hand, are very long lived: but then it is to be observed, that geese undertake the important and laborious task of rearing a family every season; they have likewise many enterprising excursions to make both by land and water in search of their food; and besides, they can fill up their leisure hours agreeably by means of two very fortunate circumstances, their power of commanding sleep when they please, and their

talent for conversation. By these means, geese, when they are saved from the hand of the poulterer, are able to go on to a respectable old age, without ever being at a loss how to kill the time.

But men of fashion are an anomaly in the creation. Indeed, to adjust matters, one of two things is necessary; either to abridge the duration of their life, or else to improve their means of enjoying it.

With regard to the first method of abridgement, I humbly conceive, that if, from the time when our men of fashion break loose from their parents and preceptors, with the full command of money or credit, they were to sink quietly to rest in the course of nature at the end of a twelve-month, their life would be pretty nearly sufficient for all they have to do. They would not fail within that space to run round the whole circle of pleasure again and again, which is evidently what they consider as the chief end of man. At the same time, they would be seasonably delivered from the insipidity of pleasure, when it becomes too familiar, from the unhappy devices which they fall upon to diversify their amusements, and to saunter away a tedious lifetime. Many of our young men of fashion seem to be sensible of the justness of this observation; for they do what they can to get the better of their constitution, and to abridge their life to a duration more suitable to the use which they make of it.

In this attempt, however, they are not always sufficiently expeditious; and, at any rate, it is always extremely unpleasant; most men of fashion, like most other men, however disagreeable or useless they may find their lives, not chusing to die as long as they can easily avoid it. It would therefore be more acceptable, if it were possible to supply them with some means of passing more tolerably the thir-

teen or fourteen hours which they cannot lose in sleeping.

Here to be sure a moralist might assume a high tone of declamation, and call on those gentlemen to remember the duties which their country requires. He might tell them, that the eyes of mankind were directed to their conduct, and expected, from their station and fortune, examples of active and disinterested patriotism. He might tell them, that if they were unwilling to take a share in the legislature, or if the happy season of peace gave them no opportunity to display their martial talents and gallantry in the field, yet they could not be at a loss for occasions to display their activity and enterprise, by employing their wealth and influence to diffuse civilization and comfort, industry and good morals, among all ranks of their fellow-citizens. He might tell them, that from such occupations they would derive the most honourable, heartfelt, and lasting pleasures, and be followed with the gratitude, the blessings of thousands. He might likewise entreat them to consider the opportunities which their riches and leisure afforded them of extending their researches into science, and encourage them with the prospect of utility and reputation united with the most interesting and endless amusement. He might also point out the delightful relaxation from their labours and solace to their cares which literature would afford them; he might tell them how much it would contribute at once to polish and elevate the character, and how admirably it would supersede those frivolous or pernicious entertainments in which they waste their hours.

But it would be cruel to harass the poor gentlemen with these school-declamations. The employments here pointed out require not only temporary exertions, but also continued industry, which we can

scarcely expect from them. All that can be attempted with any reasonable hope of success, is to find some occupations which are more innocent, but which require no greater labour than the bottle or the gaming-table, than low profligacy or treacherous intrigue.

Now, I have known several idle persons who contrived to amuse the vacant intervals between breakfast and dinner, and between dinner and supper, in a very inoffensive manner. According as the weather and season permitted, they employed all the first part of the day either in angling, shooting, hunting, or skaiting. When they could not go abroad with comfort, they always contrived work at home; such as weaving nets, plaiting lines, dressing fishing-flies, cleaning guns, looking after the horses, and playing on the fiddle. In this manner, with the help of the newspaper, dressing for dinner, and now and then a game at whist or back-gammon for a trifle in the evening, I have known some persons of no great fortune, who spent their time in the country from year's end to year's end, without much extraordinary sleeping, without much extraordinary yawning, without much extraordinary drinking, without doing any harm, and even without thinking on the amusements of the town.

I should therefore imagine, that the men of fashion, considering the accurate attention which it is proper for them to pay to their dress, and the superior advantages which they enjoy from the amusements of the town, excursions to watering-places, and trips to the Continent, might contrive to occupy their time without hanging out their melancholy faces at coffee-house doors or confectioners shops, without exposing their own fortunes to be pilfered, or trying to pilfer others at the gaming-table, without weakening their constitutions, or in-

juring their fellow-creatures. It is true, their occupations would frequently be rather more insipid and less respectable than might be wished. But since by some unaccountable irregularity in Nature, the lives of men of fashion, although they have so much less to do than other men, are prolonged to fifty or sixty years; they might unquestionably contrive, by a succession of these little occupations, to pass through this long term far less uncomfortably, than by dividing their time between downright idleness, intemperance, and vice.

N° 60. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

As far as I can judge of myself, I am a man well entitled to your protection. My mind has been so much employed in projecting schemes for the benefit of mankind, and especially of my fellow-subjects, that I have been totally indifferent to my own affairs. At present I am poor and studious, and yet content that a long life has not passed in altogether an useless manner. In the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-four, the year in which Dean Swift died, I had the honour to present to a great man a list, consisting of three hundred and nineteen new taxes, the greater part of which I perceive have been adopted. I have in manuscript a number of treatises, which might be a load to an ordinary-sized porter,

written in a small character, on a variety of subjects, with abundance of ease and spirit. Having a great part of my life reflected that only three great Epic Poems have appeared in six thousand years, I employed the whole force of my mind to collect into one focus the entire spirit of criticism, which has been, for twenty years past, dissipated and tossed from one great writer to another, without the desired success. Had I been prevailed on to publish this, it would have made a volume of five shillings; and I am inclined to think, that, with no other assistance, a man of moderate genius could have composed an Epic Poem with as much speed as a romance.

Another performance of mine is an Essay deducing the degeneracy of present manners from electricity and the feudal system. The one I consider as the first or primary, the other as the promoting and assisting cause. From the latter proceeds the subordination of ranks, and from the former that inundation of feeling which was formerly confined to children, and fine ladies like children, but has now deluged the army, the navy, ministers of state, shoe-blacks, and footmen. The next discourse I call a scheme for reconciling all the sectaries in Great Britain.

But I proceed to mention what at present employs all my thoughts, and what by your means I wish to announce to the public. My hopes of success are founded on the wonderful avidity with which mankind receive weekly and monthly Miscellanies. These are generally good things, translated from the French, copied out of old authors, or altogether new and original, the production of modern writers. My plan is entirely new. I wish to be director in a work of this kind, more adapted than any thing that has yet been published, for the improvement of the fair sex. On no account will I admit any but female subscribers; and, excepting in some of the departments

wherein I must toil myself, I will admit of none but female writers: for I incline to have this work altogether perfect, classical, and feminine. I consider this as the winding up of a long life; and I shall certainly lie down in my grave in more peace, reflecting, that I have added to the republic of letters one half of the human species, whom our foolish prejudices have hitherto in a great measure excluded.

I will divide this work into several departments, keeping in mind, however, for whose use and reading it is only intended.

The first shall consist of Foreign Intelligence, And this I doubt not to manage to the satisfaction of my readers. For, having travelled in my youth, there is scarcely a court in Europe, wherein I cannot command a female correspondent to inform me of its gallantries and its fashions.—This will greatly enlarge the sphere of female knowledge; and make scandal, like Cayen pepper in a high-seasoned dish, harmless by spreading it. The slips of a Marchioness abroad will be as familiar as an actress at home; and the dresses of Russia as much known as those of a birth-day.

This will be occasionally interspersed with books of travels and voyages, in which particular and minute attention will be paid to the *marriage* ceremonies of distant countries, that being the part of such books which I have generally observed to bear the strongest marks of perusal, when I have at any time had the honour of opening them in a Lady's library.

My next department will consist of Sketches and Interesting Anecdotes of private characters, with the Tea-table Conversations, and the Fashions of the principal towns in Great Britain.

I will give names at full length; both to serve as a necessary check on the dissoluteness of manners,

and to preclude an improper application. To my tea-table dialogues I will add a Dictionary of French phrases, and words of the latest introduction, to assist those of my readers who have not as yet arrived at much perfection in that excellent part of education. But my great intention in this department is, to enable my fair readers to be in and out of the mode in all parts of Great Britain precisely at the same time. And although in my own private judgment I think I ought to publish my Miscellany only once a month; yet if, from humour or taste, or the quick succession of customs and modes, this is not thought sufficient to answer the various purposes of my work, I will at all times cheerfully submit to a reasonable number of my subscribers. That my publication may not be deficient in any embellishment or illustration which other works of the same kind furnish to their readers, plates will be given, from drawings by the best masters and mistresses, of the different articles of dress most approved in the fashionable world. As in books of Architecture, there are elevations of *fronts* and *back-fronts*, sections of *arches* and *abutments*, designs for *frizes*, *stucco-cornices*, and *pilasters*; so, in my Miscellany, similar assistances will be given to the artists of the female figure, and the inventors of female decoration.

The third division of my intended Miscellany will be a section for Female Essayists; and I hope to make a proper, spirited, and entertaining choice. I will occasionally admit little affecting histories, to animate the female world to virtuous and worthy deeds. Nor will it be less necessary for this laudable purpose, sometimes to record bad, as well as good actions, imprudencies and levities, as well as wise and discreet conduct. In this, I must own, I shall only have the merit of following the example set me by several of those works which are professedly

written for the instruction of the female world. And indeed, how can Ladies be instructed in morals, unless they know every side of the question? or how be taught to avoid the snares and dangers of the world, unless they are let into the whole secret of their effects and operation?

A Critical Review of Books will be my fourth. But here I have not the most distant thought of intermeddling with the property of some worthy men, whom I honour and esteem. Books of Humour or of Philosophy, Belles Lettres, and History, if they be not the production of one who is, or may become my subscriber, I will not criticise. God forbid that I should presume to think myself qualified to judge and decide concerning the merit of all sorts of books. I will confine my remarks to Novels and Plays, reserving to myself the liberty of dipping into the softest kind of Poetry; and even in this I will endeavour to avoid two things wherein my fellow-labourers in this harvest have frequently erred. In the first place, I will on no account give the character of a book, unless it has had the approbation of the public for a dozen years at least. Singular as this may appear to be, it was the practice of the best ancient critics. And besides abridging my own labour, it will much abridge that of others: for I myself, led to think favourably of a book by a fair character in an old Review, have made a tedious and fruitless search for it in both public and private libraries. Secondly, For the most part I will give my opinion in the way of specimen and extract only. I reluctantly censure an association of men, who have so often, and so justly, deserved well of mankind; but at all times I must speak truth. And I am forced to say, that my brethren, in criticising various departments of Literature, have written such good sentences of their own, as

frequently to lead both themselves and their readers quite away from the book they were giving an account of. This, to be sure, as Pope said of his own Pastorals, though it is not criticism, is something better; but my modesty will not allow me to attempt it.

As a little poetry is thought necessary in works of this kind, I shall reserve my fifth department for the productions of the Female Muse. In this article I am excessively nice and delicate. My ear is naturally good, and my understanding as yet undebauched. At the same time I must confess, that what we find in the multitude of Miscellanies, which daily come abroad, is poetry highly seasoned and refined; and were I well assured of the sex of the authors, I would not hesitate to admit it into mine. But as this is doubtful, I shall only propose it as an excellent model to all my correspondents.

My sixth and last department I intend to make the largest, and my endeavours shall not be wanting to make it the most useful. It is wholly to consist of Freethinking. A thousand times have I been grieved to the soul, to think that that religion which emancipates the human mind from folly and prejudice, that religion which M. de Voltaire justly stiles the mild, the benevolent, the unpersecuting, should in a great measure be confined to the most worthless of the human race, whose lives discredit their profession; of whom many, though they have not been persecuted for their opinions, have yet suffered for their crimes. Human laws, ever unmerciful, and I may add unjust, to punish those for their actions, who have deserved rewards for the benevolence and freedom of their thoughts! In the sincerity of my heart, I hope none of the fair-sex will think rashly of my endeavours, since I wish to convert them to a new religion, merely that they may do honour to

it. Lest I should be suspected of vanity, which of all weaknesses I hate the most, I shall say nothing more than that I intend to give to each number an engraving of some woman who has distinguished, or who may distinguish herself, either by her actions or her writings.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PROJECTOR LITERARIUS.

N° 61. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1786.

In treating of the moral duties which apply to different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not forgotten to mention those which are due from Masters to Servants. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the faithful services of our domestics are entitled; the connection grows up, like all the other family-charities, in early life, and is only extinguished by those corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by dissipation, or by vice.

I hold it indeed as the sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it is insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances in his lot. His situation with regard to either, forms that sort of bo-

som comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it amidst the bustle of public, or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.

In situations and with dispositions such as mine, there is perhaps less merit in feeling the benevolent attachment to which I allude, than in those of persons of more bustling lives and more dissipated attentions. To the Lounger, the home which receives him from the indifference of the circles in which he sometimes loiters his time, is naturally felt as a place of comfort and protection; and an elderly man-servant, whom I think I govern quietly and gently, but who perhaps quietly and gently governs me, I naturally regard as a tried and valuable friend. Few people will perhaps perfectly understand the feeling I experience when I knock at my door, after any occasional absence, and hear the hurried step of *Peter* on the stairs; when I see the glad face with which he receives me, and the look of honest joy with which he pats Cæsar (a Pomeranian dog who attends me in all my excursions) on the head, as if to mark his kind reception of him too; when he tells me he knew my rap, makes his modest inquiries after my health, opens the door of my room which he has arranged for my reception, places my slippers before the fire, and draws my elbow-chair to its usual stand; I confess I sit down in it with a self-complacency which I am vain enough to think a bad man would be incapable of feeling.

It appears to me a very pernicious mistake, which I have sometimes seen parents guilty of in the education of their children, to encourage and incite in them a haughty and despotic behaviour to their servants; to teach them an early conceit of the differ-

ence of their conditions; to accustom them to consider the services of their attendants as perfectly compensated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindness, attention or complacency. Something of this kind must indeed necessarily happen in the great and fluctuating establishments of fashionable life; but I am sorry to see it of late gaining ground in the country of Scotland, where, from particular circumstances, the virtues and fidelity of a great man's household were wont to be conspicuous, and exertions of friendship and magnanimity in the cause of a master used to be cited among the traditional *memorabilia* of most old families.

When I was last autumn at my friend Colonel Caustic's in the country, I saw there, on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the Colonel's, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased.—'The history of their parents,' said my friend, 'is somewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recal it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

'The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our county. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family name,

and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master. *Albert Bane* (the surname, you know, is generally lost in a name descriptive of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which himself was eminently skilful; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions and the associate of his sports.

'On one of those latter occasions, a favourite dog of Albert's, whom he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to mar the sport which his master had expected, who, irritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of resentment, he missed. Albert, to whom *Oscar* was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with accident, and conscious of his being in the wrong, to bear. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of *Charles*, was the master of Albert.

'After the battle of *Culloden*, so fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the unsparing soldiery, among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountains offered an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chace, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding-place at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror.'— 'At times,' said he, 'when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard in the pauses of the breeze which rolled solemn through the pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shouts re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake below, the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation well-nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again shrunk back to the shelter I had left.

'One day,' continued he, 'the noise was nearer than usual; and, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. Af-

ter some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant; and at last I heard them die away at the further end of the wood. I rose and stole to the mouth of the cave; when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover that the dog was *Oscar*; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of heaven.—Stand! cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged.—It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him. 'My master!' said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection. 'You are revenged,' said I, 'and I am your prisoner.'—Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one on which I left my master; but I have lived, I hope, to save him. The party to which I belong are passed; for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks, which I remembered so well in happier days.—There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and I will endeavour to dispose of yours. On the coast, to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, which, by following the river's track till dusk, and then striking over the shoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery.'—I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated against exposing him to such eminent danger of its being known that he had favoured my escape, which from the temper of his commander, I knew would be

instant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and distress, besought me to think only of my own safety.—'Save us both,' said he, 'for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master!'

Albert's prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of talents, which, though he had always possessed, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument; and when the proscriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raised him, married to a lady by whom he had got some little fortune, and the father of an only daughter, for whom nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was not long after gratified by his daughter's becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race. I accompanied Colonel Caustic on a visit to this gentleman's house, and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the sweet boy and girl, who had been our guests at the Colonel's, had a favourite brown and white spaniel, whom they caressed much after dinner, whose name was *Oscar*.

Z

N° 62. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1786.

Absentem rusticus urbem,
Tollis ad astra levis. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR, *Mushroom-Hall, 1st April, 1786.*

THE indulgence which you shewed to my correspondence when in town, emboldens me to hope for the same favourable reception of my letters from the country. Here, Mr. Lounger, I have much more time to write; but unfortunately I have much fewer subjects; and those too none of the most enlivening. I think there is a sort of fatality in it, that I am always in low spirits when I sit down to write to you. These constant easterly winds do affect one's nerves so!

I told you in my last, that my sister-in-law talked of going to London, and perhaps to the Continent; and how unwilling I should be to accompany her. She is actually gone some weeks ago, and I was not asked to be of the party; but she has taken her favourite Miss Gusto, because she can talk French a little more glibly, having been bred at a London boarding-school; though my French master says it is execrable *patois*, and won't be understood by people of fashion. Well! I don't desire to detract from any body; but some people are singular in their favourites. But it don't signify; we can be very happy at home, though it was a little cross to leave Edinburgh just when one had got into the humour of it; and when one began to know people a

little, and people began to know one, which takes some time, you know, Mr. Lounger, especially with people who are not quite so forward as some people, who are greater favourites with some people than other people are.

You must know that our society in Edinburgh had latterly become much more agreeable to me, from our intimacy with Mrs. Rattle, who came lately from Spa, where she had gone for the recovery of her health, being vastly subject to low spirits whenever she remains long in this climate. Mrs. Rattle was pleased to take very particular notice of me, being delighted, she said, with a certain *naïveté*, of which I was possessed; though Mrs. Mushroom, who was jealous of her attention to me, said it was only because I was the best *hearer* of her acquaintance. Be that as it may, she was always remarkably civil and obliging to me; declared she looked upon me as her particular *protegée*; and that, except one or two gentlemen with whom she had been acquainted abroad, I was the only person to whom she gave the constant *entreé* to her *boudoir*. I was invited to most of her parties, which made the town appear quite a different thing to me from what it did when I wrote to you last. Unfortunately these pleasant days did not last long; my dear Mrs. Rattle was suddenly taken ill soon after her husband's arrival in Edinburgh, (for he did not come till some time after her,) and was obliged to leave town without being able to see even me. My brother and Mrs. Mushroom, as I mentioned before, have set off for London with Miss Gusto; and so Mr. Lounger, I am come back to the country again.

I had but a very disagreeable journey of it, tho' my maid (who was my sister-in-law's till she got a gentlewoman of Miss Gusto's recommending) and a very good sort of a young man, to whom my brother

has promised a church on an estate he has bought lately, took all possible care of me by the way. But the roads were miserably bad, and the post-chaises terribly jolting and uneasy.——Though we talk so much of improvements, there must certainly be a great change to the worse in that article; for I remember travelling part of that road once before, along with my mother, in the diligence, which we found a very comfortable easy sort of machine; and the roads were then remarkably smooth and well made. Nor is the accommodation at the inns less fallen off from what it was at that time.

The weather has been dreadful since my arrival; and I have been perfectly starved with cold ever since I reached my father's; yet they tell me it was still colder some weeks before; tho' I am sure it was not so with us in town. Except one night at the play, when it was a very thin house, most of the fashionable company having gone to the *Dancing Dogs*; and one other time when I waited a great while in the lobby of the assembly-room for my sister and another lady, who had dined at Mrs. Midnight's, I don't recollect having felt it disagreeably cold all the time I was in Edinburgh. On that last occasion I caught a little cold, which, however, has been infinitely worse since I removed to the country; tho' they say change of air is good for a cough, I have found mine much more troublesome here than in Edinburgh. Indeed, one cannot stir out of doors without wetting one's feet; and I was t'other day over the shoes in dirt going to see my brother's Temple of Venus, which one of his improving advisers, Dr. ——, planned for him last autumn. Yet the Doctor was at no small pains making a walk to it, which consumed, as he told us, Lord knows how many waggon-loads of gravel; but unfortunately one of the *twists* led into a bog; for it is so artfully

twisted, that I have heard the Doctor say, the Temple, which is scarce 200 yards from the house as the crow flies, is a good half mile off by the *serpentine*. I am sure I thought it far enough when they would needs have me go and visit it. Besides, one meets cattle in this field, and dogs in that; and they are certainly grown much worse-natured since I left the country.

I am glad, however, to take a long walk, tho' it should be somewhat dirty and disagreeable, to pass off a while of the morning (afternoon they call it here) from one to three, as well as to get a little wearied, that I may be able to sleep when we go to bed by eleven. My cough plagues me so all the night long, and then I hear some of the out-o'-door servants getting up when I have scarce slept a wink. It was but this very morning they broke off one of the charmingest dreams!—Methought I was at the Masquerade, (what a cross thing it was, Mr. Lounger, to give up the Masquerade!) and there was my sister-in-law, and Captain Coupée, and Miss Gusto, and Lady Rumpus, and Mrs. Rattle, and goodness knows how many fine people besides; and a Highlander in his plaid and philabeg followed me up and down, and I was told it was a Duke in disguise; and methought I was just standing up to dance a *Strathspey* with him—when I was waked by one of our brutes in the stable-yard bawling out something about the first yoking with the brown mare.—I could have cried, Mr. Lounger, when I thought that it was but a dream! and I had nobody whom I could even tell it to here; for neither my mother nor sisters know any thing about a masquerade, and they never saw Captain Coupée, nor Miss Gusto, nor Lady Rumpus, nor Mrs. Rattle.

The *Homespuns*, indeed, are very good girls, and they come to me as often as their father will let them;

and we have long conversations about Edinburgh, and what I saw and heard there; and they are so charmed with what I tell them, and so distracted to get thither! We sometimes sit up talking of it two or three hours after all the rest of the family are quiet. My sister-in-law, to say truth, has not been unmindful of us since she has been gone, but has sent us down among other things, a parcel of new books and Magazines, which I now and then read to the Homespuns at those sittings up of ours. I dare not lend them the reading of any, since their father took it into his head to burn one for having a new *tête-à-tête* in it.

To be sure Mr. Homespun is a very odd sort of a man, and if it were not for Mrs. Homespun, there would be no bearing of him; he is always railing at fine gentlemen, and fine ladies, and new fashions—he is certainly ten times more rude and disagreeable than he was before I went to town; and he says, that since I came, I have infected his daughters with ridiculous small waists and large heads; and yet their mother and they all agree how much better they look since I brought them their new stays and heads. The first day they walked over here to welcome me home, they looked so red and so blouzy, I thought I never saw two such frights in my life; I could hardly believe they were the same girls I had left but four months before; and they were both astonished at my improvement in so short a time; only the eldest thought, as she has confessed to me since, that my complexion was somewhat of the palest. Now, to tell you a secret, Mr. Lounger, I can mend that when I chuse, though I never ventured to try but once, for diversion's sake, that I rubbed a very little out of Mrs. Rattle's French box on my cheeks, and every body observed how handsome I looked

that day, and what a sparkle my eyes had; but I did not let any body know how they came by it.

Indeed, if there is any ſin in't, I am sure it is not worth the while here; for there is nobody to see one needs care how one looks for. I used to be joked about our neighbour young *Broadcast*, who is reckoned one of the best matches in our neighbourhood, and my father brought him to see me the very day after my arrival. But he is grown so fat and so coarse since I left this, and talks and laughs so loud, and speaks of nothing but the value of land, and the laying out of farms! I received him very coldly, and he has not come back since: for my own part, I don't care if he should never come back.

There is, however, some pleasure in dressing one's self, to have the amusement of making the people stare and wonder as they do. It is very diverting to me to hear the observations of some of the good ladies, our neighbours, when I put on some of my town things, on purpose to provoke them. La! what a head!—Good gracious! what a neck! and mercy upon us! what a bunch behind!—Sunday last, being the first opportunity for my appearing in public, I resolved to make a figure; and so I went to church with my head as well curled as my maid and I could make it, my newest-fashioned hat, and a round hoop Mrs. Mushroom had just sent me from London. Would you think it, Mr. Lounger, I had like to have been mobb'd in the coming out? and the people followed the carriage till it came to the church-way ford in our way home.

But this will only do now and then; and, on the whole, I find my time hang very heavy on my hands; though I try all I can to coax away a great part of the day too. As I am a person of some consequence since my late journey to town, they indulge me a

good deal in the disposal of my time, even though it sometimes runs a little cross to the regularity of theirs; only my father growls now and then; but we don't mind that much. I seldom rise till near eleven, and generally breakfast in bed. I read the newspapers my brother sends down, all except the politics. I stroll out, as I told you before, between one and three; then, if I dress, or perhaps alter the sit of my cap, or change my feathers before the glass, I am seldom ready till long past dinner-time: they put it back an hour ever since my brother came first home. In the evening I play the new minuets, teach my sisters cards, or we guess the riddles in the Lady's Magazine; and I think of the Promenade in Prince's-Street, and of Dunn's rooms, and of being in Edinburgh next winter if I can.

I am told there is to be a ball in our county-town, when the Judges come this way on their circuit, in about a fortnight hence, which the Homespuns talk of with great glee. And they tell me there is a set of players who are to perform there at that time, and the *German Tumbler* with his bear and dogs. But, for my part, I have very little inclination to go. After seeing Lamash, and Wilson, and Kippling; not to mention Woods and Mrs. Crawford.—But above all, to think of the German Tumbler after Richer and Dubois; and his dogs forsooth after the dear little dogs at the *Black Bull!*—Oh! Mr. Lounger, as *Macbeth* says,

What a falling off is there!

It will be really compassionate in you to give us a paper now and then about what is going on in town. And do, Mr. Lounger, let there be plenty of characters in it. I have told the Homespuns the owners of all the characters in your paper, from the very

beginning, without missing one. For, believe me, I am, dear Mr. Lounger, whether in town or country, your constant reader and admirer,

MARJORY MUSHROOM.

Z

N°63. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1786.

An is mihi liber cui mulier imperat? cui leges imponit præscribit, vetat quod videtur?

CICERO.

To the Lounger.

SIR,

I AM a middle-aged gentleman, possessed of a moderate income, arising chiefly from the profits of an office, of which the emolument is more than sufficient to compensate the degree of labour with which the discharge of its duties is attended. About my forty-fifth year I became tired of the bachelor-state; and taking the hint from some little twinges of the gout, I began to think it was full time for me to look out for an agreeable help-mate. The last of the juvenile tastes that forsakes a man is his admiration of youth and beauty; and I own I was so far from being insensible to these attractions, that I felt myself sometimes tempted to play the fool, and marry for love. I had sense enough, however, to resist this inclination, and, in my choice of a wife, to sacrifice rapture and romance to the prospect of ease and comfort. I wedded the daughter of a country gentleman

of small fortune, a lady much about my own time of life, who bore the character of a discreet prudent woman, who was a stranger to fashionable folly and dissipation of every kind, and whose highest merit was that of an excellent housewife.

When I begin by telling you that I repent of my choice, you will naturally suppose, Mr. Lounger (a very common case), that I have been deceived in the idea I had formed of my wife's character. Not at all, Sir; I found it true to a tittle. She is a perfect paragon of prudence and discretion. Her moderation is exemplary in the highest degree; and as to œconomy she is all that I expected, and a great deal more too. You will ask, then, of what it is that I complain? I shall lay my grievances before you without reserve.

A man, Sir, who, with no bad dispositions, and with some pretensions to common sense, has arrived at the age of five and forty, may be presumed to have formed for himself a plan of life, which he will not care hastily to relinquish, merely to gratify the caprices of another. I entered the matrimonial state with a firm resolution not to quarrel with my wife for trifles; but really, Sir, the sacrifices daily exacted on my part, and the mortifications I have been forced to submit to, are at length become so numerous and so intolerable, that I must either come to a downright rupture, or be hooted at for a silly fellow by all my acquaintance.

Before I married, having, as I already informed you, a decent income, I thought myself entitled to many of those little indulgences to which a social disposition inclines a man who is possessed of the means of gratifying it. The necessary business in which my office engaged me occupying several hours of the day, it was my highest pleasure to pass the evenings with a few sensible friends, either at my

own lodgings, at theirs, or in the tavern. I found myself likewise a very welcome guest in many respectable families, where, as the humour struck me, I could go in at any hour, and take my part of a domestic meal without the formality of an invitation. I was a member too of a weekly club, which met on the Saturday evenings, most of them people of talents, and some of them not unknown in the world of letters. Here the entertainment was truly *Attic*. A single bottle was the *modicum*, which no man was allowed to exceed. Wit and humour flowed without reserve, where all were united by the bonds of intimacy; and learning lost her gravity over the enlivening glass. *O noctes cœnæque Deum!*

As my profession was a sedentary one, I kept, for the sake of exercise, a couple of good geldings, and at my leisure hours contrived frequently to indulge myself in a scamper of a dozen miles into the country. It was my pride to keep my horses in excellent order; and when debarred by business from riding them, I consoled myself with a visit to the stable. Shooting was likewise a favourite amusement; and, though I could not often indulge it, I had a brace of springing spaniels, and a couple of excellent pointers. In short, between my business and amusement, my time passed most delightfully; and I really believe I was one of the happiest bachelors in Great Britain.

Alas, Sir, how little do we know what is for our good! Like the poor gentleman who killed himself by taking physic when he was in health*, I wanted to be happier than I was, and I have made myself miserable.

My wife's ruling passion is, the care of futurity. We had not been married above a month before she

* Mr. Easy alludes to the Italian epitaph, '*Stava ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui.*'

found my system, which was to enjoy the present, was totally inconsistent with those provident plans she had formed in the view of a variety of future contingencies, which, if but barely possible, she looks upon as absolutely certain. The prospect of an increase to our family (though we have now lived five years together, without the smallest symptom of any such accident) has been the cause of a total revolution of our domestic œconomy, and a relinquishment, on my part of all the comforts of my life. The God of Health, we are informed, was gratified by the sacrifice of a cock; but the God of Marriage, it would seem, is not so easily propitiated; for I have sacrificed to him my horses, my dogs, and even my friends, without the smallest prospect of securing his favour.

In accomplishing this economical reformation, my wife displayed no small address. Lord, Sir, what ways women have of working out their points! She began by giving me frequent hints of the necessity there was of cutting off all superfluous expences; and frequently admonished me that it was better to save while our family was small, than to retrench when it grew larger. When she perceived that this argument had very little force, (as indeed it grew every day weaker,) and that there was nothing to be done by general admonition, she found it necessary to come to particulars. She endeavoured to convince me, that I was cheated in every article of my family expenditure. It is a principle with her, that all servants are thieves. When they offer themselves to be hired, if they demand what she thinks high wages, she cannot afford to pay at the rate of a Duchess; if their demand is moderate, she is sure they must make it up by stealing. To prove their honesty, she lays temptations in their way, and watches in a corner to catch them in the fact. In the first six months after our

marriage, we had five search-warrants in the house. My groom (as honest a fellow as ever handled a curry-comb) was indicted for embezzling oats; and, though the sleek sides of my geldings gave strong testimony to his integrity, he was turned off at a day's warning. This I soon found was but a prelude to a more serious attack; and the battery was levelled at a quarter where I was but too vulnerable. I never went out to ride, but I found my poor spouse in tears at my return. She had an uncle, it seems, who broke his collar-bone by a fall from a horse. My pointers stretched upon the hearth, were never beheld by her without uneasiness. They brought to mind a third cousin who lost a finger by the bursting of a fowling-piece; and she had a sad presentiment that my passion for sport might make her one day the most miserable of women. 'Sure, my dear,' she would say, 'you would not, for the sake of a trifling gratification to yourself, render your poor wife constantly unhappy! Yet I must be so while you keep those vicious horses and nasty curs.' What could I do, Sir?—A man would not chuse to pass for a barbarian.

It was a more difficult task to wean me from those social enjoyments I mentioned, and to cure me of a dangerous appetite I had for the company of my friends. If I passed the evening in a tavern, I was sure to have a sermon against intemperance, a warning of the too sensible decay of my constitution, and a most moving complaint of the heaviness of those solitary hours which she spent in my absence. Those hours, indeed, she attempted sometimes to shorten, by sending my servant to acquaint me that she had gone to bed indisposed. This device, however, after two or three repetitions, being smoked by my companions, I was forced to vindicate my honour before them, by kicking the messenger down stairs.

Matters were yet worse with me, when I ventured to invite my old cronies to a friendly supper at my own house. In place of that ease and freedom which indicates a cordial reception, they found on my wife's part, a cold and stiff formality which repressed all social enjoyment; and the nonsensical parade of a figure of empty shew upon the table, which convinced them of the trouble their visit had occasioned. Under this impression, you may believe, there is no great danger of a debauch in my house. Indeed my wife commonly sits out the company. If it happens otherwise, we have a stated allowance of wine; and if more is called for, it is so long in coming, that my friends take the hint, and wish me a good night.

But, even were I more at liberty to indulge my social disposition than I unfortunately find myself, there are other reasons, no less powerful, which would prevent me from inviting my friends to my house. My wife, Sir, is absolutely unfit for any kind of rational conversation. Bred from her infancy under an old maiden aunt, who had the management of her father's household, and country farm, she has no other ideas than what are accommodated to that station. Unluckily, her transplantation to town, by removing her from her calves, her pigs, and her poultry, has given her fewer opportunities of displaying the capital stock of her knowledge. She still finds, however, a tolerable variety of conversation, in the rise and fall of the markets, the qualities and prices of butcher-meat, the making of potatoe-starch, the comparative excellence of Leith and Kensington candles, and many other topics of equally amusing disquisition. Seriously, Sir, when alone, I can find refuge in my books; but when with her in company, she never opens her mouth but I am in terror for what is to come out of it.

I should perhaps complain the less of being reduced to this state of involuntary domestication, if I saw any endeavours on her part to make my home somewhat comfortable to me. I am no epicure, Mr. Lounger; but I own to you I like a good dinner, and have somehow got the reputation of being a pretty good judge of wines. In this last article I piqued myself on having a critical palate; and this my friends knew so well, that I was generally consulted when their cellars needed a supply, and was sure to be summoned to give my opinion at the opening of a new hogshead or the piercing of a butt. You may believe I took care that my own small stock of liquors should not discredit my reputation; and I have often, with some exultation, heard it remarked, that there was no such claret in Edinburgh as Bob Easy's *yellow seal.*

Good claret, which I have long been accustomed to consider as a *panacea* for all disorders, my wife looks upon as little better than slow poison. She is convinced of its pernicious effects both on my purse and constitution, and recommends to me, for the sake of both, some brewed stuff of her own, which she dignifies with the name of wine, but which to me seems nothing but ill-fermented vinegar. She tells, with much satisfaction, how she has passed her *currant wine* for *cape*, and her *goofeberry* for *champaigne*; but, for my part, I never taste them without feeling very disagreeable effects from it; and I once drank half a bottle of her *champaigne*, which gave me a colic for a week.

In the article of victuals, I am doomed to yet greater mortification. Here, Sir, my wife's frugality is displayed in a most remarkable manner. As every thing is to be bought when at the lowest price, she lays in during the summer all her stores for the winter. For six months we live upon salt provisions,

and the rest of the year on fly-blown lamb and stale mutton. If a joint is roasted the one day, it is served cold the next, and hashed on the day following. All poultry is contraband. Fish (unless salt herrings and dried ling, when got a bargain) I am never allowed to taste.

Thus mortified in my appetites, divorced as I am from my friends, having 'lost all my mirth, and forgone all custom of my exercise,' I am told that even my face and figure are totally changed; and, in place of the jolly careless air of a *bon vivant*, I have got the sneaking look and starved appearance of a poor wretch escaped from a spunging-house, and dreading a dun in every human being that accosts him.—That it should come to this!—But I am determined no longer to endure it. My wife shall read this letter in my presence; and, while she contemplates her own picture, I shall take my measures according to the effect it produces on her. If she takes it as she ought, 'tis well;—if not, and a rupture is the consequence, still better—I shall be my own man again.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ROBERT EASY.

N° 64. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

That distress finds some consolation from revealing its misfortunes, is a trite observation, which perhaps

is in no instance more strongly felt, than where we have ourselves to blame for our calamities. There is something in making a confession, though but on paper, (even if it should never be communicated to any one,) which unloads the mind of a weight that bears it down in secret; and though it cannot pluck the thorn from memory, has certainly the effect of blunting its poignancy.—Suffer me then, Sir, to tell you, or to write as if I were telling you, how unhappy I am, and by what means I have become so.

I was left by my father at the age of thirteen, the eldest of two daughters, under the charge of one of the best and most indulgent of mothers. Our circumstances were affluent, our society respectable, and our education, from its very commencement, had been attended to with care, and provided for with the utmost liberality. No instruction was neglected, no accomplishment unattended to. In attaining these, my sister was not quite so fortunate as I. Born, as I have been often told, with uncommon quickness of parts, I found no difficulty in mastering the studies that were taught me, or in acquiring the embellishments it was wished I should acquire. My sister was often deficient in the one and awkward at the other. She possessed, however, a sound, plain understanding, and an excellent temper. My superiority never excited envy in her, and I think never vanity in me. We loved one another most sincerely; and after some years had blunted the grief which my mother felt for her husband's death, there were, I believe, few happier families than ours.

Though our affections were cordial, however, our dispositions were very different. My sister was contented to think as other people thought, and to feel as other people felt; she rarely ventured to speculate in opinion, or to soar in fancy. I was often tempted to reject, if not to despise, the common opinions of

mankind, and to create to myself a warm, and, I am afraid, a visionary picture of happiness, arising from a highly refined sensibility. My mother was at pains to combat these enthusiastic ideas, and to represent the danger of indulging in them. From a desire, perhaps, of overcoming that tendency towards them which she perceived in me, her discourse, when we were alone, almost constantly turned on this subject. As she always allowed us the liberty of argument with her, I stood up in these conversations the warm defender of my own maxims, in contradiction to those prudent ones which she recommended. Hers, I am persuaded, admitted of better reasoning; but my cause gave greater room for eloquence. All my little talents were exerted in the contest; and I have often since thought that my mother had from nature a bent to my side of the question, which all her wisdom and experience had not been able to overcome; that though she constantly applauded the prudent system of my sister, she was in truth rather partial to mine, and vain of that ability with which I defended it. However that might be, I myself always rose from the dispute more and more convinced of the justness of my own opinions, and proud of that superiority which I thought they conferred on me.

We had not long attained a marriageable age, when we found ourselves surrounded with those whom the world terms admirers. Our mother's benevolence and sweetness of temper inclined her to society, and we were too innocent for prudery; we had therefore a number of visitors of the other sex, many of whom were so particular in their attentions, that women who wished to boast of conquests, would have called them lovers. With us they did not always assume that title; my sister was too prudent, and I was too nice, easily to believe a man a lover.

Among those, however, were two gentlemen, whose attachment was declared to me in terms too strong to be misunderstood. *Florio*'s person was universally allowed to be handsome; many, of whom I was one, thought it elegant. With external accomplishments his education had furnished him; his manner was easy and unembarrassed; some called it assuming, I thought it natural. His conversation was full of the language of sensibility; in my idea it spoke a mind replete with sensibility itself. Other people sometimes suspected him of shallowness and affectation; I praised him for avoiding the pedantry of knowledge, and the rusticity of men proud of its acquirements.

Alcander was the only son of a particular friend of my mother's, and therefore on a very intimate footing in our family. My mother, with whom he was a favourite, discovered in him a great fund of good sense and of useful knowledge. I was struck with the inelegance of his appearance and address, and the want of refinement in his sentiments and conversation. His goodness and candour were often the topics of my mother's commendation; I remarked his want of discernment, and the coldness of his attachments and aversions. My mother often repeated her own eulogiums of Alcander, and the criticisms of the world on Florio; I always heard her with a determined opposition of sentiment, and therefore rose from the conversation more averse to the first and more attached to the latter. Alcander, after persisting for some time under a very marked disinclination to him, gave up the pursuit; but as he still continued his visits to the family, particularly during any occasional absence of mine, he transferred by degrees his affections to my sister. When he had ceased to be my lover, I was willing to be very much his friend: my mother had always shewn her par-

tiality in his favour; my sister was won by his virtues, and after some time became his wife.

Florio's suit to me was opposed by my mother with rather more vehemence than was natural to her. She often insisted on the infatuation, as she called it, of that deception which I was under with regard to him, a deception which she predicted I should one day be convinced of. Her opposition, however, though it over-ruled my conduct, never overcame my attachment: I would not be his without the consent of my mother; but my affection it was not in her power to shake. Her love for me overcame her resolution; and at last she gave, however unwillingly, my hand to Florio.

I was now the happiest of women. The scenes I had often pictured of conjugal tenderness and domestic happiness, I thought now realized in the possession of a man who, I had taught myself to believe, was to love me for ever, and was himself, every thing I ought to love; and I often looked with a degree of pity on the situation of my sister, whose happiness (for she called it happiness) with Alcander was of a kind so inferior to mine.

How long this lasted I cannot exactly say. I fear I begun to be unhappy long before I would allow myself to believe it. I have often wept alone at the coldness and neglect of Florio, when on meeting him, a few words of seeming tenderness and affection made me again reproach my doubts of his love, and think my own situation the most enviable of any. Alas! he at length drove me from this last strong hold in which my affection for him had entrenched itself. It is now three years since he has treated me in such a manner as to leave me no apology for his treatment. During the last, my mother's death has deprived me of one of the few comforts I had left. From my mother I carefully concealed my distress;

but I believe in vain: she lived to guess at my misery; and I fear her sense of it added to the pressure of that disease which brought her to her grave.

After the loss of my husband's love, it is little to talk of my disappointment in his talents and accomplishments. It was long, however, before I allowed myself to see defects which less penetration than I have been flattered with possessing, had long before discovered. My mother had often before our marriage expressed her surprise that one of my abilities should be so deceived, as not to see his inferiority: I believe it is by these abilities that the deception is aided. They are able to form a picture to which more ordinary minds are unequal; and in the weakness of their rash attachment, they find the likeness where they wish to find it.——

I was interrupted by my sister. Why are her looks so serene? and why does she tell me, how much mine are altered? I am too proud to allow a witness to my distresses; and from her, of all womankind, I would conceal them.—This dissimulation is due to my pride, perhaps to my duty; yet if you knew, Sir, what it is to smile in public, to seem to be happy with such feelings as mine;—to act contentment all day long, and to retire at night to my lonely pillow with the anguish my heart has treasured up all the while!—But the subject overpowers me.—Farewel.

CONSTANTIA.

J

N° 65. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1786.

Malignitati falsa species Libertatis inest. TAC.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

SOME time ago a female correspondent was obliged to enter a complaint with you against one of the Virtues, and set forth the hardships which a family endures from the circumstances of its master's extreme cultivation of *Truth*. I am sorry, Sir, to be obliged to enter a similar complaint against another of the Virtues, of the same family with that of which the Lady complains; and to relate to you the effects which I happened lately to witness from the extreme cultivation of *Freedom*.

The word Freedom, Sir, till this late incident in my life, carried with it a sound at once so sacred and so animating, as I thought was entitled to my warmest love and veneration. Yet a young man, and full of the classic remembrances of Roman virtue, I connected with the love of Liberty every thing that dignifies and humanizes man; and I heard the cautions of some of my elder and more experienced acquaintance with the secret triumph of a superior mind, whose vigour was unsubdued by age, whose honest warmth was unextinguished by interest or the world.

By one of those advisers I was lately carried on a visit to the house of a common relation of ours, with whose person, as he resided in a different part of the

country, I was not at all acquainted; but whose character, having often heard him celebrated as a warm partisan of Liberty, I had long learned to revere; and I was happy to find that I should have now an opportunity of acquiring an intimate acquaintance with him, our visit being proposed to be as long as it was distant, and meant to last during the whole Easter Holidays, according to their longest computation.

When we arrived at the house, and I was introduced to my cousin, I was somewhat disappointed with his aspect and manner, neither of which possessed a great deal of that dignity which, from an assertor of Freedom, according to my classic notions of the character, I had taught myself to expect. I found Mr. *Wilfull* a thick squat figure, with an appearance of great strength and freshness for his age, with a person rather lusty, and somewhat of rubicundity in his face. His motions were more quick than graceful, his voice rough and strong, which last, however, I was inclined, on the first hearing it, to call firm and manly. These qualities I afterwards found employed to give force and emphasis to a variety of oaths, of which the gentleman was very profuse in the course of his conversation. He gave us a very cordial welcome, and insisted on our recruiting ourselves after our journey with a glass of his cordial waters, which I found so strong as to make my eyes water the first mouthful I swallowed; but Mr. Wilfull himself took off a bumper, without seeming to feel any such inconvenience.

When dinner came, the ladies of the family appeared, who consisted of Mrs. Wilfull and too daughters, on whom our landlord bestowed a hearty scold for making us wait, as he said, a quarter of an hour for their damned hair-dressing. This reprimand the ladies bore with great submission. Mrs. Wilfull, indeed,

made a silent sort of reply, by pulling out her watch, by which I saw it wanted several minutes of four. But Mr. Wilfull swore another oath, that a woman's watch was like her judgment, very little to be depended on; and desired her to take notice, that *his* watch was to be the only regulator in *his* house.

During the time of dinner, Mr. Wilfull made use of the same sort of freedom to criticise several dishes which were not quite dressed to his liking. On his lady making some attempts at explanation and apology, he told her he knew she must always have her own way, but that he could not help believing his own smell and taste: on some further remonstrance, though a very gentle one, he carried the liberty of his tongue a little farther; he swore at her, and cursed the cook.

The cloth had not been removed above a few minutes, when our landlord, by asking the ladies toasts one after another as fast as they could be drank, gave them a hint that he expected they should retire, and leave us to enjoy 'that liberty he loved.' As the first fruits of which, the door was scarce shut behind them, when he began to give us some toasts which seemed to have been at his tongue's end all the time they staid, and waited there impatient for utterance till they should be gone. At the close of these moral sentiments, he gave us some political sentiments, (for Mr. Wilfull is extremely sentimental,) which tended to fix the creed of the company in patriotism, as the former set of healths had established their principals in point of virtue and morality. The first of these, 'Liberty and the Constitution,' we were desired to drink, not in the ordinary glasses of the table, but in an old-fashioned rummer of a particular shape and magnitude, which had been in his family for several generations, and was marked with certain words and figures more emblematical of freedom than

of taste or politeness. This dose of wine it was absolutely incumbent on every guest to swallow at a draught; on somebody's venturing to remonstrate, that his making himself sick would tend neither to the increase of liberty, nor to the establishment of the constitution, his plea was immediately over-ruled in a very vociferous manner by our host, from whose decision I found there was no appeal. He contrived to furnish us with such a variety of bumper-toasts in favour of freedom, which none of us were at liberty to decline, that I was carried speechless to bed, (as, I was afterwards told, were several other members of the company,) and waked next morning with so violent a headach, that had I not been informed of Mr. Wilfull's being that day engaged at a county-meeting on some public measure, I believe I should have hardly been prevailed on to rise.

When he took his departure after breakfast, which he did with some apologies, extremely unnecessary, for leaving us with his wife, I was very agreeably disappointed to find Mrs. Wilfull and the young ladies not at all so much given to silence as from their deportment on the preceding day I had been led to imagine them. I found the one had learned and the other inherited some of Mr. Wilfull's love of liberty, which they were exceedingly fond of exercising in the absence of that gentleman, and which shewed itself in a very free discussion of his temper, disposition, and management of his family. In the course of this conversation, in which indeed I was a hearer only, I learned that Mr. Wilfull was perfectly the lord and master of his own house, in which he exercised the most dictatorial sway, no doubt according to the old Roman maxim, 'Ne quid detrimenti Respublica capiat,' for the pure good of the family. Of this, however, the family, as perhaps was sometimes the case with the state, were not quite so sensible as

they should have been. Mrs. Wilfull complained that her husband was a little particular in his temper. The daughters talked more plainly, and said, that Papa was one of the strangest out-of-the-wayest men in the world; that he would not allow them education like other girls in town, because, he said, in a town they would learn nothing but French dances and French fashions, both which he hated, because the French were slaves. His son, it seems, he also kept at home with a tutor he had provided for him, who was but very little of a scholar; his scholarship, Mrs. Wilfull said, her husband did not much mind, as he had never found Greek or Latin of any use to himself; but that this young man was a favourite with him because of his staunch political principles, and being what he called a *strong-headed* fellow; but in what sense the word was applied Mrs. Wilfull did not explain. She added, that neither her son or daughters had much opportunity of improvement from society, as political quarrels had estranged the principal families in the neighbourhood from their house.

In domestic matters Mrs. Wilfull hinted the difficulties she frequently laboured under to keep things tolerably quiet. The servants, she said, were frequently leaving them at short warnings; and that they had several law-suits with discarded footmen about wages and board wages. Mr. Wilfull, she said, was in the main a very good sort of man; but it must be confessed he liked his own way in every thing; and that he would not allow any body the liberty of giving him an answer.

From the parson of Mr. Wilfull's parish, who happened to come in during this conversation, I learned that his patron's tenants had all very short leases, as it was his principle, that a man's estate was not his own, if a low fellow had the use of it for

twenty or thirty years. Afterwards, in the course of a walk with this same clergyman, I had an opportunity of seeing somewhat of the state and culture of Mr. Wilfull's estate. The barn-yards were but thinly stored, and the farm-houses but in indifferent repair. Several of the farms were in a state of open uncultivated wildness, with here a patch of broom, there a corner of furze, and now and then a ridge or two of rushes and thistles. A person of a sportive imagination might have traced an analogy between Mr. Wilfull's principles and the state of his grounds: *Xerxes* chained the Hellespont, because he was accustomed to govern slaves: Mr. Wilfull, one might say, left the very soil at liberty, and neither constrained it by culture, nor fettered it by inclosures.

This state of his private property, however, my companion partly accounted for from Mr. Wilfull's attention having been for some time much occupied by some public and national concerns, in which his love of liberty had involved him. There was a little town in the neighbourhood of his estate, in which it seems he had, from patriotic motives, projected a thorough reformation. It was at present, according to the parson's account, in the hands of about a dozen people, who Mr. Wilfull complained, had the entire disposal of it. He wished its government to be in the people at large; by which, however, the clergyman frankly confessed his patron meant, if possible, to get the management of it to himself. Meantime he had taught the inhabitants, every soul of them, proper ideas of freedom and independence; in cultivating these indeed they had lost some others, which people who don't know the value of liberty might reckon as useful. There were formerly one or two thriving manufactures in the town; but they had of late been driven out of it as hostile to its freedom. I asked the clergyman what branches they

now carried on there? 'Oh! now, Sir,' said he, 'they are all busy in making—reforms.'

In short, Mr. Lounger, (for I am afraid of tiring you with my recital,) I found from this day's information, as well as my own experience during another which I spent at Mr. Wilfull's, that this gentleman is so very fond of liberty, that he is inclined to monopolize it entirely to himself. Not caring either to suffer in silence or to quarrel with my kinsman by asserting my freedom, I contrived some apology for putting an end to my visit on the morning of the fourth day; and I confess was very happy to leave this champion for independence, to return to the government of an elderly aunt, who keeps house for me; who, though of old-fashioned Tory principles, is yet very fond of her nephew, very indulgent to the servants, and very hospitable to the neighbours; and who, though she does not trouble herself about the good of her country, feeds the best fowls, makes the best mince-pies, and brews the best ale in the world. I am, &c.

LIBERCULUS.

Z

N° 66. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

No complaints are more commonly made, or more readily listened to, than those of genius neglected, of talents unrewarded, of merit overlooked. That

these complaints should often be made on slight pretences, may easily be accounted for from the effects of self-love and of conceit; and that people should attend to them with indulgence will not be wondered at, when we reflect that we are naturally inclined to favour those whose circumstances do not awaken our envy, especially if they furnish us with the means of decrying others whose situation excites it.

But even where genius is actually found to languish in obscurity, or to pine in indigence, the world is not always to be blamed for its neglect. Genius is often too proud to ask favours which the world is too proud to offer; or too bashful to display abilities which others are too busy to seek out. Besides that the splendid qualities of which it boasts are often less fitted for the province it has chosen than much more moderate abilities, it sometimes allows them to be mixed with failings, which render their possessor less easily made happy, and those around him less disposed to contribute to his happiness. Temper, moderation, and humility, a toleration of folly, and an attention to trifles, are endowments necessary in the commerce with mankind; often as useful, and generally more attractive, than wisdom, learning, eloquence, or wit, when attended with arrogance, ill-nature, an ungracious manner, or a forbidding address.

It will likewise be considered, that, in general, those inferior minds, whom genius and talents are apt to despise, are much more easily made happy than those who occupy the rank above them. The measure of our desires is commonly enlarged in proportion to the comprehensiveness of our minds, and the catalogue of our evils frequently increased in proportion to the range of our imaginations. In many occurrences of life, genius and fancy discover evils which dulness and insensibility would escape, and de-

licacy of feeling mars that pleasure which thoughtless vivacity would perfectly enjoy.

You gave, in one of your earlier papers, an account of two gentlemen, both fortunate in life, but very differently affected by their good fortune: one who was above the enjoyment of any ordinary good; the other, on whom every attainment conferred happiness, who had no eye for deformity, and no feeling for uneasiness. Allow me to illustrate the same power of a constitutional difference of temper upon the opposite situation, from the example of two persons, whose characters some late incidents gave me a particular opportunity of tracing.

Tom Sanguine and *Ned Prospect*, like your friends *Clitander* and *Eudocius*, were school-fellows. *Sanguine* was the first boy in the school in point of learning, and very often its leader in every thing. The latter distinction it cost him many a black eye to maintain, as he generally had a battle with every lad who disputed his pre-eminence, or who objected to any project he had laid down for his companions. Sometimes he was thrown entirely out of his command, and would be whole days in a state of proscription from his fellows, attended only by one or two little boys, whom he either awed or bribed to continue of his party.

Prospect had a certain influence too, but it was acquired by different means. He had no pretensions to learning, and almost constantly neglected or failed in the tasks that were set him; yet he was a favourite with his masters, from a certain liveliness which looked like genius, and a certain attention to them which looked like application; and with the boys he was always ready to join any plan which the forward could devise or the bold could execute. He was in friendship with every one, and did not care with whom he was in friendship; of jealousy or rivalship

he was perfectly devoid, and often returned the assistance which Sanguine afforded him at their exercises, by conciliatory endeavours to accommodate differences between him and some of their companions. As for himself, he never remembered quarrels or resented affronts; disappointments of every kind he forgot; indeed, if a school allusion may be allowed, there was scarce a past tense in his ideas; they always looked to the future.

When they rose into manhood and life, the two young gentlemen retained the same characteristic difference as when at school. Sanguine was soon remarked for his abilities, and easily flattered himself that every advancement would be open to them. He looked to the goal in business or ambition, without troubling himself to examine the ground between. Full of that pride and self-importance to which he thought his talents entitled him, he would not degrade them by an application to the ordinary means by which inferior men attain success. He would not stoop to solicit what he thought his merit gave him a right to expect: to conciliate the great, he called servility; to be obliged to his equals, he termed dependence. In argument, he was warm and dogmatical; in opposition, haughty and contemptuous; he was proud to shew the fallacy of reputed wisdom, and sought for opportunities of treating folly with disdain. His inferiors he loved to awe into silence; and in company with those above him, he often retired into a proud indignant silence himself. To be easily pleased or amused, he thought the mark of a light and frivolous mind; and, as few people cared to be at the expence, he seldom received either pleasure or amusement. When he might have bestowed these on others, he often did not think it worth his while to bestow them. For his learning, his knowledge, or his wit, he demanded

such an audience as he rarely could find; and among men of middling capacity, of whom the bulk of society is formed, one half of Sanguine's acquaintance dreaded his talents, and the other half denied them. In his friendships he was warm and violent; but they were generally connections in which he was rather to give than to find support, rather to confer than to receive obligation.

With such a cast of mind and disposition, Sanguine, notwithstanding all his natural and all his acquired abilities, has succeeded very ill in life. Of those (and they were but few) by whom he was neither hated nor feared, scarce any one was interested to promote his success. There is always so much of selfishness in our exertions for others, as to claim a sort of property in the good we do them; and him who, like Sanguine, does not allow that claim, we seldom wish to oblige a second time. Nor were his genius and knowledge, great as they were allowed to be, better suited to the ordinary affairs of the world than those of a much lower order. He often despised that mediocrity which was a fitter instrument for his purpose than all his boasted excellence. He laboured to shine where he should have been contented to convince; to astonish and to dazzle where it ought to have been his object to persuade and to win.

The neglects of the world Sanguine resented more than he endeavoured to overcome; and having long lost all hopes of success in it, now employs the powers of his fancy and of his eloquence, to degrade those dignities which he has failed to reach, and to depreciate those advantages he has been unable to attain. He saunters about in places of public resort, like the evil genius of the time, sickening at every prosperous, and enjoying every untoward event; suffering with-

out compassion, and unfortunate without the dignity which a good mind allows to misfortune.

Prospect, whose abilities did not promise much eminence in any of the learned professions, was bred a merchant. His master found him not very attentive to his business; but exceedingly serviceable to him and his family in every thing else. He frequently forgot to make the proper entries in the books; but of the little commissions of his master's wife and children he took particular care; and once excused himself for a mistake with regard to a valuable cargo from the West-Indies, by shewing how much he had been occupied about a parroquet and a monkey for the young ladies. To himself he made a sort of apology for these neglects, from an idea, that in trade nothing was worth attending to but in the capital; and talked with great fluency, and an appearance of information, on the plans he had formed for entering upon a large scale of commerce in London. To London accordingly he went; but found there, that he was still distant from the immediate scene of the trade he had chiefly studied: and, after spending, in amusement rather than in dissipation, half the stock from which he was to have raised a princely fortune, he procured recommendations to a house in Jamaica, and embarked for that island with the full resolution of being as rich as Alderman *Beckford* before he returned. He failed of being as rich, but he was fully as happy; and in the course of that happiness spent all the remainder of his patrimony. He afterwards visited several of the American provinces, without any increase of fortune or decrease of good-humour; and at last returned home with no money in his purse, and but little information in his mind, but with that flow of animal spirits which no ill success could overcome, and that sort of buzzing idea of future good fortune, which

no experience of disappointment has ever been able to drive out of his head.

By the favour of a person of considerable interest, whom his officious civility had in some instance happened to oblige, he has obtained a small pension, on which he makes shift to live, and to get into very tolerable company, being admitted as a good-natured oddity, who never offends, and is never offended. He has now given up his plans for bettering his private fortune, except in so far as they are connected with the prosperity of his country, having turned his thoughts entirely to politics and to finance. I know not if it was an ill-natured amusement which I received the other morning from seeing him attack his old acquaintance Sanguine in the coffee-house, and drive him from the fire-place to the window, from the window to the door, and from the door out into the street, with a paper of observations on Mr. Pitt's plan for reducing the national debt. Sanguine was dumb with vexation and contempt, which Prospect (who was full of bustle and of enjoyment from this new-sprung scheme) very innocently construed into the silence of attention, and concluded his pursuit, by thrusting the paper into the other's hand, telling him, that when next they met he should be glad to have his sentiments on the probability of the plan, and the justness of the calculations.

It would, I believe, Sir, considerably increase the stock of human happiness, if you could persuade men like Mr. Sanguine, that misanthropy, comfortless as it is, is yet more an indulgence than a virtue; that a war with the world is generally founded on injustice; and that neither the yieldings of complacency, nor the sportfulness of good-humour, are inconsistent with the dignity of wisdom. I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

V

N°67. SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1786.

Studiumque immane loquendi, OVID.

NOBODY will deny the superiority of the modern ove the ancient world in almost all the arts and science But perhaps that superiority is not more observabl when we think of the articles of modern acquiremen in detail, than when we consider the facility which th present times have introduced in the art of obtainin knowledge in general; or, when that idea is applie to the young, the highly improved system of Educa tion which we have invented, so much simpler an more concise than that which the ignorance of ou forefathers led them to adopt. Were it not beneat the dignity of the subject, one might apply to ou present system of education, what some venders little books of Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Astro nomy, have advertised of their performances—it Education 'made easy to the meanest capacities.'

The ancient system for the acquisition of know ledge, was by listening to the instructions of the wi and experienced; and in some of the old schools probationary silence for a very long period was in sisted on for that purpose. In those times, th might perhaps be suitable enough; but now wh life, according to some philosophers, is so muc shortened, and there are so many more things to ta about, the ancient mode would surely be very pr posterous. Indeed there is much reason to doubt even in ancient times, this method of listening w so much practised as has sometimes been represente Pythagoras, it is presumed, like some philosophers of

our own days, chose to talk for all the rest of the company, and enjoined silence to his scholars, that he might have hearers; but Socrates, who had been taught better breeding by his wife, let them have more than word about with him. Plutarch indeed another of their wise men, says, in a Treatise upon Education, that 'man has two powers, which give him the pre-eminence over all other animals, understanding and speech; that the first is made to command, and the latter to obey; that understanding or mind is superior to accident or fortune, that sickness or disease has no power over it, and that the wrinkles of age do not diminish its beauty; that time, which conquers all things, has no effect on it, but, by a privilege peculiar to itself, it maintains its youth in old age.' This Plutarch, however, was himself one of the most talkative fellows in the world, and delighted in story-telling beyond any man of his time; and the description he has given us above, of understanding or intelligence, applies equally to the other faculty he meant to set it over, to wit, that of speech. We have every day examples to convince us, that neither loss of fortune, bad health, or old age, has any power over the tongue; to it indeed the circumstance of its superior vigour, when old, applies so strikingly, that one would almost suppose an error in the text, and that there was here a mistake, which those Greeks had a hard word to express, but which signified, that one had put first what should have been last: on this supposition, what the author really meant to say is, that it is the business of the tongue to command, and the part of the understanding to obey.

Now this, when so corrected, is pretty nearly the modern idea, which is, that knowledge is to be acquired fully as much, or rather more, by speaking than by hearing; and this rule, like other rules of education, is to be attended to from the earliest years.

Mothers, who, according to the ablest opinions on the head, are the best instructors of early youth, have particularly an excellent method of inculcating this doctrine on their pupils. As they grow up, those pupils are to be confirmed in the practice of it. When brought into company, they are to be particularly cautioned against that antique bashfulness which used to disqualify young people from this attainment; as far indeed as youth might be used by way of argument for silence, they are to forget altogether their being young, and to talk, with the authority of experience and the loquacity of age, in all places, public and private. Neither the Church nor the Playhouse is to be excepted; and in public exhibitions of greater moment, if a young man, for example, happens to get into the House of Commons, and gives himself any trouble about what is going on there, it is wonderful how much he may learn merely by speaking, as the daily examples of Orators, who get up without knowing any thing of what they are to talk about, evince.

There is one part of the course of modern education, which might at first view be supposed unfavourable to this mode of acquiring knowledge—and that is, the article of travelling; because it often happens, that, from a want of the languages of those countries through which he is to pass, a young traveller cannot speak so much as is proper for the purpose. But this may be almost entirely remedied in *Paris*, and other capitals of every foreign country, by conversing with English only, or with such of the natives as already understand a little of the English tongue, and are very willing to learn more of it, as *Friseurs*, *Tailors*, *Valets de place*, &c. From such companions, one not only may obtain a very competent knowledge of the manners and customs of such foreign countries; but one has also a favourable op-

portunity of communicating to them the manners and customs of one's own, which can be done with much more freedom and truth to such hearers than to others. In this manner travel, instead of a hindrance will be of very great use in promoting this new and improved mode of education; it will promote speaking, and insure an audience, both while a young man remains abroad, and after he comes home: while abroad he will speak of nothing but his own country, which will enable him to speak of nothing but foreign countries when he returns.

This general maxim, which I am here endeavouring to enforce, must however be understood to apply to people of a certain fortune only. With those in less favoured circumstances, hearing and receiving instruction are necessary, at least in particular situations and societies. In the company of the great or the rich, which they are at all times to seek after and frequent, they must listen with as unlimited assent, though not quite so rigid a silence, as the disciples of the Philosopher we first mentioned; but, when they leave this society, and get among their equals, they will then have the privilege of communicating what knowledge they have received, and are entitled to impose silence on their auditory, by the decisive authority of those great and rich men, of whose school they are. This leads me to mention a method of acquiring knowledge, the most easy and compendious of any, which is by growing rich or great one's self; a truth which I have seen many very wise and learned men confess, by the deference they paid to the opinions and information of one lately come to the possession of a fortune or a title, whom, before he attained that wealth or rank, they had been obliged to pronounce very ignorant and uninformed.

But as those who are poor may acquire knowledge

instantaneously by growing rich, so those who are rich may in some cases acquire knowledge very rapidly by growing poor. Adversity, says some ancient sage, is the greatest of all teachers; in some of her schools, however, people learn slowly, which was the old method; in others she communicates knowledge with astonishing rapidity, which is the new mode; as, for instance that modern seminary of instruction, the Gaming-table. It is indeed surprising what universality of knowledge is there to be attained, as may be judged of from the manner in which many people in eminent stations, both civil and military, have acquitted themselves, who had acquired the qualifications necessary for such appointments at that fountain of knowledge alone.

Another method by which a young man may attain knowledge with very little trouble to himself, is by purchasing a commission in the army. There is something in the bare putting on of a cockade which inspires knowledge, or at least the confidence of it, which answers most purposes as well, and which gives the title to speak, so essential to this modern system of education. Unless the course of his studies be interrupted by actual service, which is not often the case, there are many opportunities of improvement for a soldier, of which, in a civil capacity, he would be entirely deprived. During one half of the year at country quarters, he has the advantage of that solitude which so many philosophers and poets have panted after as the nurse of contemplation, as the mother of knowledge; the other half he can contrive, by a leave of absence, to spend in the edifying society of the capital. In the first case, he can avail himself of the science of the exciseman, the learning of the curate, and sometimes the knowledge of the squire; in the other he can resort to the sources of that multifarious information which is

to be found at the coffeehouse, the tavern, the play-houses, and Ranelagh.

As for the female world, the same rule of obtaining knowledge, or educating themselves, by talking, not listening, is equally expedient, and indeed seems more particularly adapted to the genius of the sex. In this they may, by a prudent choice of their society among the other sex, be much assisted: as they can easily find a pretty numerous class of well-bred young gentlemen, who will never introduce any subject, nor treat any subject already introduced, but in such a manner as does not at all require being listened to; so that every member of the party may with great ease, and without any material injury, speak at one and the same time.

But as I enumerated some very easy and speedy methods of the men's acquiring knowledge, so there is one way, as easy as any of those, by which the ladies may attain it—I mean by being married; which perhaps is the reason why some prudent and œconomical mothers defer all sorts of instruction till that period, except some particular pieces of knowledge, which may tend to procure their daughters that opportunity of immediate improvement. In a married state, a young lady has an increased advantage of that power of talking which I have mentioned as so essential to the cultivation of the mind. Besides the superior privileges of a matron to use her tongue, she has by marriage acquired a necessary assistant for a speaker; she has provided herself with a hearer in her husband.

The Lounger *has been favoured with two communications from female correspondents, which, contrary to his established custom, he thinks himself obliged to acknowledge.*

Mrs. Invoice *has told her story in a very natural and forcible manner; and the wrongs of which she complains from the partner of her late husband, exhibit such an impudent abuse of public indulgence, as justly deserves every reprehension a pen so able as hers can inflict. But her recital admits of so directly personal an allusion, as, notwithstanding all its merit, unavoidably precludes its insertion. Though the pictures which this work occasionally exhibits, to be of any value at all, must be true to nature; yet it were equally averse to the feelings of the author, and to the dignity of his paper, to make them the portraits of individuals.*

The verses of Delia *are written with ease and spirit; there is but one objection to their being inserted, their very high praise of the* Lounger, *which, though it were ingratitude in him not to acknowledge, it might be deemed vanity to publish.*

V

N° 68. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1786.

THAT " Poet and Creator are the same," is equally allowed in Criticism as in Etymology; and that, without the powers of invention and imagination, nothing great or highly delightful in Poetry can be atchieved.

I have often thought that the same thing holds in some measure with regard to the reader as well as the writer of poetry. Without somewhat of a congenial imagination in the former, the works of the latter will afford a very inferior degree of pleasure. The mind of him who reads should be able to ima-

gine what the productive fancy of the Poet creates and presents to his view; to look on the world of fancy set before him with a native's eye, and to hear its language with a native's ear; to acknowledge its manners, to feel its passions, and to trace, with somewhat of an instinctive glance, those characters with which the Poet has peopled it.

If in the perusal of any poet this is required, *Shakspeare*, of all poets, seems to claim it the most. Of all poets, Shakspeare appears to have possessed a fancy the most prolific, an imagination the most luxuriantly fertile. In this particular he has been frequently compared to *Homer*, though those who have drawn the parallel, have done it, I know not why, with a sort of distrust of their assertion. Did we not look at the Greek with that reverential awe which his antiquity impresses, I think we might venture to affirm, that in this respect the other is more than his equal. In invention of incident, in diversity of character, in assemblage of images, we can scarcely indeed conceive Homer to be surpassed; but in the mere creation of fancy, I can discover nothing in the *Iliad* that equals the *Tempest* or the *Macbeth* of Shakspeare. The machinery of Homer is indeed stupendous; but of that machinery the materials were known; or, though it should be allowed that he added something to the mythology he found, yet still the language and the manners of his deities are merely the language and the manners of men. Of Shakspeare, the machinery may be said to be produced as well as combined by himself. Some of the beings of whom it is composed, neither tradition nor romance afforded him; and of those whom he borrowed thence, he invented the language and the manners; language and manners peculiar to themselves, for which he could draw no analogy from mankind. Though formed by fancy, however,

his personages are true to nature, and a reader of that pregnant imagination which I have mentioned above, can immediately decide on the justness of his conceptions; as he who beholds the masterly expression of certain portraits, pronounces with confidence on their likeness, though unacquainted with the persons from whom they were drawn.

But it is not only in those untried regions of magic or of witchery that the creative power of Shakspeare has exerted itself. By a very singular felicity of invention, he has produced, in the beaten field of ordinary life, characters of such perfect originality, that we look on them with no less wonder at his invention, than on those preternatural beings, which "are not of this earth;" and yet they speak a language so purely that of common society, that we have but to step abroad into the world to hear every expression of which it is composed. Of this sort is the character of *Falstaff*.

On the subject of this character I was lately discoursing with a friend, who is very much endowed with that critical imagination of which I have suggested the use in the beginning of this paper. The general import of his observations may form neither an useless nor unamusing field for speculation to my readers.

Though the character of Falstaff, said my friend, is of so striking a kind as to engross almost the whole attention of the audience, in the representation of the play in which it is first introduced; yet it was probably only a secondary and incidental object with Shakspeare in composing that play. He was writing a series of historical dramas, on the most remarkable events of the English history, from the time of King *John* downwards. When he arrived at the reign of *Henry* IV. the dissipated youth and extravagant pranks of the Prince of Wales could not fail

to excite his attention, as affording at once a source of moral reflection in the serious department, and a fund of infinite humour in the comic part of the drama. In providing him with associates for his hours of folly and of riot, he probably borrowed, as was his custom, from some old play, interlude, or story, the names and incidents which he has used in the first part of *Henry* IV. *Oldcastle*, we know, was the name of a character in such a play, inserted there, it is probable, (in those days of the Church's omnipotence in every department of writing,) in odium of Sir John Oldcastle, chief of the *Lollards*, though Shakspeare afterwards, in a Protestant reign, changed it to Falstaff. This leader of the gang, which the wanton extravagance of the Prince was to cherish and protect, it was necessary to endow with qualities sufficient to make the young Henry, in his society,

> " doff the world aside,
> And bid it pass."

Shakspeare therefore has endowed him with infinite wit and humour, as well as an admirable degree of sagacity and acuteness in observing the characters of men; but has joined those qualities with a grossness of mind, which his youthful master could not but see, nor seeing but despise. With talents less conspicuous, Falstaff could not have attracted Henry; with profligacy less gross and less contemptible, he would have attached him too much. Falstaff's was just 'that unyoked humour of idleness,' which the Prince could 'a while uphold,' and then cast off for ever. The audience to which this strange compound was to be exhibited were to be in the same predicament with the Prince, to laugh and to admire while they despised; to feel the power of his humour, the attraction of his wit, the justice of his reflections,

while their contempt and their hatred attended the lowness of his manners, the grossness of his pleasures, and the unworthiness of his vice.

Falstaff is truly and literally ' ex Epicuri grege porcus,' placed here within the pale of this world to fatten at his leisure, neither disturbed by feeling nor restrained by virtue. He is not, however, positively much a villain, though he never starts aside in the pursuit of interest or of pleasure when knavery comes in his way. We feel contempt, therefore, and not indignation, at his crimes, which rather promotes than hinders our enjoying the ridicule of the situation, and the admirable wit with which he expresses himself in it. As a man of this world, he is endowed with the most superior degree of good sense and discernment of character; his conceptions, equally acute and just, he delivers with the expression of a clear and vigorous understanding: and we see that he thinks like a wise man, even when he is not at the pains to talk wisely.

Perhaps indeed there is no quality more conspicuous throughout the writings of Shakspeare, than that of good sense, that intuitive sagacity with which he looks on the manners, the characters, and the pursuits of mankind. The bursts of passion, the strokes of nature, the sublimity of his terrors, and the wonderful creation of his fancy, are those excellencies which strike spectators the most, and are therefore most commonly enlarged on; but to an attentive peruser of his writings, his acute perception and accurate discernment of ordinary character and conduct, that skill, if I may so express it, with which he delineates the plan of common life, will, I think, appear no less striking, and perhaps rather more wonderful; more wonderful, because we cannot so easily conceive that power of genius by which it tells us what actually exists, though it has never

seen it, than that by which it creates what never existed. This power, when we read the works, and consider the situation of Shakspeare, we shall allow him in a most extraordinary degree. The delineation of manners found in the Greek tragedians is excellent and just; but it consists chiefly of those general maxims which the wisdom of the schools might inculcate, which a borrowed experience might teach. That of Shakspeare marks the knowledge of intimacy with mankind. It reaches the elevation of the great, and penetrates the obscurity of the low; detects the cunning, and overtakes the bold; in short, presents that abstract of life in all its modes, and indeed in every time, which every one without experience must believe, and every one with experience must know to be true.

With this sagacity and penetration into the characters and motives of mankind, which himself possessed, Shakspeare has invested Falstaff in a remarkable degree: he never utters it, however, out of character, or at a season where it might better be spared. Indeed his good sense is rather in his thoughts than in his speech; for so we may call those soliloquies in which he generally utters it. He knew what coin was most current with those he dealt with, and fashioned his discourse according to the disposition of his hearers; and he sometimes lends himself to the ridicule of his companions when he has a chance of getting any interest on the loan.

But we oftener laugh with than at him; for his humour is infinite, and his wit admirable. This quality, however, still partakes in him of that Epicurean grossness which I have remarked to be the ruling characteristic of his disposition. He has neither the vanity of a wit, nor the singularity of a humourist, but indulges both talents, like any other natural propensity, without exertion of mind or warmth of en-

joyment. A late excellent actor, whose loss the stage will long regret, used to represent the character of *Falstaff* in a manner different from what had been uniformly adopted from the time of *Quin* downwards. He exchanged the comic gravity of the old school, for those bursts of laughter in which sympathetic audiences have so often accompanied him. From accompanying him it was indeed impossible to refrain; yet, though the execution was masterly, I cannot agree in that idea of the character. He who laughs, is a man of feeling in merriment. Falstaff was of a very different constitution. He turned wit, as he says he did 'disease into commodity.'—'Oh! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a *jest with a sad brow*, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders.'

Z.

N° 69. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1786.

(Continuation of the Remarks on the Character of Falstaff.)

To a man of pleasure of such a constitution as Falstaff, temper and good humour were necessarily consequent. We find him therefore but once I think angry, and then not provoked beyond measure. He conducts himself with equal moderation towards others; his wit lightens, but does not burn; and he is not more inoffensive when the joker, than unoffended when joked upon: 'I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.' In

the evenness of his humour he bears himself thus, (to use his own expression,) and takes in the points of all assailants without being hurt. The language of contempt, of rebuke, or of conviction, neither puts him out of liking with himself or with others. None of his passions rise beyond this control of reason, of self-interest, or of indulgence.

Queen Elizabeth, with a curiosity natural to a woman, desired Shakspeare to exhibit Falstaff as a lover: he obeyed her, and wrote the *Merry Wives of Windsor;* but Falstaff's love is only factor for his interest, and he wishes to make his mistresses 'his Exchequer, his East and West Indies, to both of which he will trade.'

Though I will not go so far as a paradoxical critic has done, and ascribe valour to Falstaff; yet if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear. His presence of mind saves him from the sword of Douglas, where the danger was real; but he shows no sort of dread of the sheriff's visit, when he knew the Prince's company would probably bear him out: when Bardolph runs in frightened, and tells, that the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door, 'Out, you rogue! (answers he,) play out the play; I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff.' Falstaff's cowardice is only proportionate to the danger; and so would every wise man's be, did not other feeling make him valiant.

Such feelings, it is the very characteristic of Falstaff to want. The dread of disgrace, the sense of honour, and the love of fame, he neither feels, nor pretends to feel:

> 'Like the fat weed
> That roots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,'

he is contented to repose on that earthy corner of sensual indulgence in which his fate has placed him, and enjoys the pleasures of the moment, without once regarding those finer objects of delight which the children of fancy and of feeling ſo warmly pursue.

The greatest refinement of morals, as well as of mind, is produced by the culture and exercise of the imagination, which derives, or is taught to derive, its objects of pursuit, and its motives of action, not from the senses merely, but from future considerations which fancy anticipates and realizes. Of this either as the prompter, or the restraint of conduct, Falstaff is utterly devoid; yet his imagination is wonderfully quick and creative in the pictures of humour and the associations of wit. But the "pregnancy of his wit," according to his own phrase, "is made a tapster;" and his fancy, how vivid soever, still subjects itself to the grossness of those sensual conceptions which are familiar to his mind. We are astonished at that art by which Shakspeare leads the powers of genius, imagination, and wisdom in captivity to this son of earth; 'tis as if, transported into the enchanted island in the *Tempest*, we saw the rebellion of *Caliban* successful, and the airy spirits of *Prospero* ministering to the brutality of his slave.

Hence, perhaps, may be derived great part of that infinite amusement which succeeding audiences have always found from the representation of Falstaff. We have not only the enjoyment of those combinations, and of that contrast, to which philosophers have ascribed the pleasure we derive from wit in general, but we have that singular combination and contrast, which the gross, the sensual, and the brutish mind of Falstaff exhibits, when joined and compared with that admirable power of invention, of wit, and of humour, which his conversation perpetually displays.

In the immortal work of *Cervantes*, we find a character with a remarkable mixture of wisdom and ab-

surdity, which in one page excites our highest ridicule, and in the next is entitled to our highest respect. *Don Quixote*, like Falstaff, is endowed with excellent discernment, sagacity, and genius; but his good sense holds fief of his diseased imagination, of his over-ruling madness for the atchievements of knight-errantry, for heroic valour and heroic love. The ridicule in the character of Don Quixote consists in raising low and vulgar incidents, through the medium of his disordered fancy, to a rank of importance, dignity and solemnity, to which in their nature they are the most opposite that can be imagined. With Falstaff it is nearly the reverse; the ridicule is produced by subjecting wisdom, honour, and other the most grave and dignified principles, to the controul of grossness, buffoonery, and folly. 'Tis like the pastime of a family-masquerade, where laughter is equally excited by dressing clowns as gentlemen, or gentlemen as clowns. In Falstaff, the heroic attributes of our nature are made to wear the garb of meanness and absurdity. In Don Quixote, the common and the servile are clothed in the dresses of the dignified and the majestic; while, to heighten the ridicule, *Sancho*, in the half-deceived simplicity, and half-discerning shrewdness of his character, is every now and then employed to pull off the mask.

If you would not think me whimsical in the parallel, continued my friend, I should say, that Shakspeare has drawn, in one of his immediately subsequent plays, a tragic character very much resembling the comic one of Falstaff, I mean that of *Richard* III. Both are men of the world, both possess that sagacity and understanding which is fitted for its purposes, both despise those refined feelings, those motives of delicacy, those restraints of virtue, which might obstruct the course they have marked out for themselves. The hypocrisy of both costs them nothing,

and they never feel that detection of it to themselves which rankles in the conscience of less determined hypocrites. Both use the weaknesses of others, as skilful players at a game do the ignorance of their opponents; they enjoy the advantage, not only without self-reproach, but with the pride of superiority. Richard indeed aspires to the crown of England, because Richard is wicked and ambitious: Falstaff is contented with a thousand pounds of Justice Shallow's, because he is only luxurious and dissipated. Richard courts Lady Anne and the Princess Elizabeth for his purposes: Falstaff makes love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page for his. Richard is witty like Falstaff, and talks of his own figure with the same sarcastic indifference. Indeed so much does Richard, in the higher walk of villany, resemble Falstaff in the lower region of roguery and dissipation, that it were not difficult to show, in the dialogue of the two characters, however dissimilar in situation, many passages and expressions in a style of remarkable resemblance.

Of feeling, and even of passion, both characters are very little susceptible; as Falstaff is the knave and the sensualist, so Richard is the villain of principle. Shakspeare has drawn one of passion in the person of *Macbeth*. Macbeth produces horror, fear, and sometimes pity; Richard, detestation and abhorrence only. The first he has led amidst the gloom of sublimity, has shown agitated by various and wavering emotions. He is sometimes more sanguinary than Richard, because he is not insensible of the weakness or the passion of revenge; whereas the cruelty of Richard is only proportionate to the object of his ambition, as the cowardice of Falstaff is proportionate to the object of his fear; but the bloody and revengeful Macbeth is yet susceptible of compassion and subject to remorse. In contempla-

ting Macbeth, we often regret the perversion of his nature; and even when the justice of Heaven overtakes him, we almost forget our hatred at his enormities, in our pity for his misfortunes. Richard, Shakspeare has placed amidst the tangled paths of party and ambition, has represented cunning and fierce from his birth, untouched by the sense of humanity, hardly subject to remorse, and never to contrition; and his fall produces that unmixed and perfect satisfaction which we feel at the death of some savage beast that had desolated the country from instinctive fierceness and natural malignity.

The weird-sisters, the gigantic deities of northern mythology, are fit agents to form Macbeth. Richard is the production of those worldly and creeping demons, who slide upon the earth their instruments of mischief to embroil and plague mankind. Falstaff is the work of *Circe*, and her swinish associates, who, in some favoured hour of revelry and riot, moulded this compound of gross debauchery, acute discernment, admirable invention, and nimble wit, and sent him for a consort to England's madcap Prince; to stamp currency on idleness and vice, and to wave the flag of folly and dissipation over the seats of gravity, of wisdom, and of virtue.

Z

END OF VOLUME XXXIX.

Printed by A. Strahan,
New-Street Square.